DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal:

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——Nec tarda Senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. Virgil.

LONDON:

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Don Sebaſtian King of Portugal.

A Tragedy.

Perſons Repreſented.

1 Don Sebaſtian King of Portugal,—By Mr. *Williams.*
2 Muley-Moluch Emperor of Barbary,—Mr. *Kynaſton.*
3 Dorax, a Noble Portugueſe now a Renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera Alcalde, or Governor of Alcaz[illegible] ——— Mr. *Betterton.*
4 Benducar, Chief Miniſter and Favourite to the Emperor, ——— Mr. *Sandford.*
5 The Mufti Abdalla, ——— Mr. *Underhill.*
6 Muley-Zeydan Brother to the Emperor,-Mr. *Powell*, Jun.
7 Don Antonio, a Young Noble amorous Portugueſe. now a Slave, ——— Mr. *Betterton.*
8 Don Alvarez, an old Counſellor to Don Sebaſtian, now a Slave alſo,— ——— Mr. *Bowman.*
9 Muſtapha Captain of the Rabble.——— Mr. *Leigh.*
10 Almeyda a Captive Queen of Barbary,—Mrs. *Barry.*
11 Morayma, Daughter to the Mufti,— Mrs. *Montfort.*
12 Johayma, Chief Wife to the Mufti, —— Mrs. *Leigh.*

Two Merchants.
Rabble.
A Servant to Benducar.
A Servant to the *Mufti.*
Scene in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

TO THE

Right Honourable

Philip Earl of *Leyceſter*, &c.

FAR be it from me, (My moſt Noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanneſs can produce, ſhou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can ſay of you ſhou'd recommend you farther, to the eſteem of good men in this preſent Age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by Poſterity. On the other ſide, I muſt acknowledg it a great preſumption in me, to make you this Addreſs; and ſo much the greater, becauſe by the common ſuffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded, as one of the firſt Perſons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you ſo: Whether we have been all conſcious to our ſelves that it was a needleſs labour to give this notice to Mankind, as all men are aſham'd to tell ſtale news, or that we were juſtly diffident of our own performances, as even *Cicero* is obſerv'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus*; where knowing himſelf overmatch'd in good ſenſe, and truth of knowledg, he drops the gawdy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever reaſon it may be, I am the firſt bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be puniſh'd for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wiſh it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordſhip; and that a crowd of bad Writers, do not ruſh into the quiet of your receſſes after me. Every man in all changes of Government, which have been, or may poſſibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incenſe, where it cou'd be ſo well deſerv'd. For you, My Lord, are ſecure in your own merit; and all Parties, as they riſe uppermoſt, are ſure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your vertue: The leading men ſtill bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the ſtamp of their intrinſick value, that they may afterwards hope to paſs with human kind. They

riſe and fall in the variety of Revolutions; and are ſometimes great, and therefore wiſe in mens opinions, who muſt court them for their intereſt: But the reputation of their parts moſt commonly follows their ſucceſs; few of 'em are wiſe, but as they are in power: Becauſe indeed, they have no ſphere of their own, but like the Moon in the Copernican Syſteme of the World, are whirl'd about by the motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever buſie; neither to give reſt to their Fellow creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themſelves: Tho truly, the latter is a kind of juſtice, and giving Mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who diſturb the repoſe of all beſide them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to ſet themſelves upon the Wing; and taking every occaſion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not conſidering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the ſhort revolution of a day: and that when the light goes from them, they are of neceſſity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not ſay, for there is but one Phœnix in an Age,) who centring on himſelf, remains immovable, and ſmiles at the madneſs of the dance about him. He poſſeſſes the midſt, which is the portion of ſafety and content: He will not be higher, becauſe he needs it not; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of Fortunes power to throw him down. 'Tis confeſt, that if he had not ſo been born, he might have been too high for happineſs; but not endeavoring to aſcend, he ſecures the native height of his ſtation from envy; and cannot deſcend from what he is, becauſe he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*; I ſhou'd ſay in *Athens*, when in the diſturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wiſe *Pomponius* tranſported all the remaining wiſdom and vertue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But, I wou'd ask the World, (for you, My Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cauſe) whether there may not yet be found, a Character of a Noble Engliſhman, equally ſhining with that illuſtrious *Roman*? Whether I need to name a ſecond *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a ſecond with a *longo ſed proximus intervallo*, not

a Young

a Young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet, into a reſemblance of the firſt, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the reſt that follows, *ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Perſon of the ſame ſtamp and magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, beſides the Word *Roman*, and the Superſtition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years. One who walks by him with equal paces, and ſhares the eyes of beholders with him: One, who had been firſt, had he firſt liv'd; and in ſpight of doating veneration is ſtill his equal. Both of them born of Noble Families in unhappy Ages, of change and tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet, not leaving the Common-wealth, till it had left it ſelf; but never returning to publick buſineſs, when they had once quitted it; tho courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd truſt the quiet of their lives, with the extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were juſt in the giddineſs of their turning; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment; and none cou'd gueſs whether the next heave of the Earthquake, wou'd ſettle them on the firſt Foundation, or ſwallow it? Both of them knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that ſtudy in themſelves; and there they found the beſt part of humane compoſition, the worſt they learn'd by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of moſt beſide them. Their Philoſophy on both ſides, was not wholly ſpeculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot poſſibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the underſtanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philoſophy, which exerted it ſelf in all the offices of pity, to thoſe who were unfortunate, and deſerv'd not ſo to be. The Friend was always more conſider'd by them than the cauſe: And an *Octavius*, or an *Anthony* in diſtreſs, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Caſſius*. For the lowermoſt party to a noble mind, is ever the fitteſt object of good will. The eldeſt of them, I will ſuppoſe for his honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatiſt nor Stoick; if he were not, I am ſure he ought in common juſtice, to yield the precedency to his younger Brother. For ſtiffneſs of Opinion is the effect

of Pride, and not of Philoſophy: 'Tis a miſerable Preſumption of that knowledg which humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedneſs of a Stoick is only a ſilly affectation of being a God: To wind himſelf up by Pulleys, to an inſenſibility of ſuffering; and at the ſame time to give the lye to his own Experience, by ſaying he ſuffers not, what he knows he feels. True, Philoſophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human uſe; *Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wiſe man will never attempt an impoſſibility; and ſuch it is to ſtrain himſelf beyond the nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above ſuffering, or to debaſe himſelf into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in ourſelves the Weakneſſes and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is ſurely the moſt reaſonable ſtep we can make towards the Compaſſion of our fellow Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the ſecond *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either ſide, he has always been favorable and aſſiſting to oppreſt Merit. The Praiſes which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerſet Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houſes on the other ſide of the Water, are as juſtly his:

For, the diſtreſt, and the afflicted lye
Moſt in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.

Neither has he ſo far forgotten a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whoſe beſt proſpect is on the Garden of *Leiceſter-Houſe*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* ſtill remaining, tho there can never be another *Spencer* to deſerve the Favor. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a ſecond *Atticus*, or a ſecond Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter, in all reſpects, will not have the worſe of the compariſon; and if he will take up with the ſecond place, the World will not ſo far flatter his Modeſty, as to ſeat him there, unleſs it be out of a deference of Manners, that he may place himſelf where he pleaſes at his own Table.

I may therefore ſafely conclude, that he, who by the conſent of all men, bears ſo eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleneſs, forgive the Preſumption of this Addreſs. 'Tis an unfiniſh'd Picture, I confeſs, but the Lines and Features are ſo like, that it cannot be miſtaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder muſt cry out, at the firſt ſight, this was deſign'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artiſt, has caſt too much of him into ſhades. But I have this Excuſe, that even the greater Maſters commonly fall ſhort of the beſt Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the excellencies of Nature, can have no right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has expreſs'd it;

The Hero's Race tranſcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praiſe is undeſerv'd, 'tis Satyr: Tho Satyr on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Perſon, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a ſingle *Atticus* the other; for 'tis eaſier to deſcend, than 'tis to climb. I ſhou'd have gone aſham'd out of the World, if I had not at leaſt attempted this Addreſs, which I have long thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have ſucceeded in it: now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthineſs. I may reſt ſatisfi'd, that either the Adventure is not to be atchiev'd, or that it is reſerv'd for ſome other hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, ſince the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the firſt of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipſe ſemper amâſti, ut eodem amore ſis; ego nimirum, idem ſum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipſum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.
Jan. 1690.

THE PREFACE.

WHether it happen'd through a long diſuſe of Writing, that I forgot the uſual compaſs of a Play; or that by crowding it, with Characters and Incidents, I put a neceſſity upon my ſelf of lenghthning the main Action, I know not; but the firſt days Audience ſufficiently convinc d me of my error; and that the Poem was inſupportably too long. 'Tis an ill ambition of us Poets, to pleaſe an Audience with more than they can bear: And, ſuppoſing that we wrote as well, as vainly we imagin our ſelves to write; yet we ought to conſider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauſeouſneſs in a City feaſt when we are to ſit four hours after we are cloy'd. I am, therefore, in the firſt place, to acknowledg with all manner of gratitude, their civility; who were pleas'd to endure it with ſo much patience, to be weary with ſo much good nature and ſilence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was deſign'd to pleaſe them; or diſcourage an Author, whoſe misfortunes have once more brought him againſt his will, upon the Stage. While I continue in theſe bad circumſtances, (and truly I ſee very little probability of coming out:) I muſt be oblig'd to write, and if I may ſtill hope for the ſame kind uſage, I ſhall the leſs repent of that hard neceſſity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pityed; for I have Enemies enow to wiſh me yet in a worſe condition; but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the Town may be ſomewhat oblig'd to my misfortunes, for a part of their diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having obſerv'd how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the humours of Comedy were almoſt ſpent, that Love and Honour (the miſtaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theaters cou'd not ſupport their charges, that the Audience forſook them, that young men without Learning ſet up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudeſt, who underſtood the leaſt: all theſe diſcouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties

culties continue; they increaſe, and I am ſtill condemn'd to dig in thoſe exhauſted Mines. Whatever fault I next commit, reſt aſſur'd it ſhall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hunder'd lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, ſince it was firſt deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed ſo judiciouſly lopt by Mr. Betterton, *to whoſe care and excellent action, I am equally oblig'd, that the connexion of the ſtory was not loſt; but on the other ſide, it was impoſſible to prevent ſome part of the action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation, which is requir'd to all great events: as in particular, that of raiſing the Mobile, in the beginning of the Fourth Act; which a Man of* Benducar's *cool Character, cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all thoſe precautions, which he foreſaw wou'd be neceſſary to render his deſign ſucceſsful. On this conſideration, I have replac'd thoſe lines, through the whole Poem; and thereby reſtor'd it, to that clearneſs of conception, and (if I may dare to ſay it) that luſtre, and maſculine vigour, in which it was firſt written. 'Tis obvious to every underſtanding Reader, that the moſt poetical parts, which are Deſcriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences; are thoſe, which of neceſſity were to be par'd away, when the body was ſwoln into too large a bulk for the repreſentation of the Stage. But there is a vaſt difference betwixt a publick entertainment on the Theatre, and a private reading in the Cloſet: In the firſt we are confin'd to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glaſs, yet the Watch often drawn out of the pocket, warns the Actors, that their Audience is weary; in the laſt, every Reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book, and lay it down at his pleaſure; and find out thoſe beauties of propriety, in thought and writing, which eſcap'd him in the tumult and hurry of repreſenting. And I dare boldly promiſe for this Play, that in the roughneſs of the numbers and cadences, (which I aſſure was not caſual, but ſo deſign'd) you will ſee ſomewhat more maſterly ariſing to your view, than in moſt, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures and more ſuitable to the loftineſs of the Subject; and beſides this ſome newneſſes of* Engliſh, *tranſlated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin; and here and there ſome old words are ſprinkled, which for their ſignificance and ſound, deſerv'd not to be antiquated; ſuch as we often find in Saluſt amongſt the*

Roman Authors, and in Milton's *Paradise amongst ours; though perhaps the latter instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.*

As for the story or plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those times, that Sebastian *a young Prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that War partly upon a religious account, partly at the sollicitation of* Muley-Mahumet, *who had been driven out of his Dominions, by* Abdelmelech, *or as others call him* Muley-Moluch *his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the* Xeriff's; *whose Fathers* Hamet *and* Mahomet *had conquer'd that Empire with a joint Forces; and shar'd it betwixt them after their victory: That the body of* Don Sebastian *was never found in the Field of Battel; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some years after, when the* Spaniards *with a pretended title, by force of Arms had Usurp'd the Crown of* Portugal, *from the House of* Braganza, *a certain Person who call'd himself* Don Sebastian, *and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appear'd at* Venice, *where he was own'd by some of his Country-men; but being seiz'd by the* Spaniards *was first Imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the* Portugueses *expected his return for almost an Age together after that Battel; which is at least a proof of their extream love to his Memory; and the usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old Master.*

This ground work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that Sebastian *shou'd return to* Portugal *no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in* Affrick, *or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his death; and the last of these was certainly the most easie, but for the same reason, the least artful; because as I have somewhere said, the poyson and the dagger are still at hand, to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary*

according

according to the Laws of the Drama, *that* Sebastian *shou'd no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it; even so far as to be a habit in him; though I show him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavor a self murther. This being presuppos'd, that he was Religious, the horror of his incest, tho innocently committed, was the best reason which the Stage cou'd give for hind'ring his return. 'Tis true I have no right to blast his Memory, with such a crime: but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him; for the Learned* Mr. Rymer *has well observ'd, that in all punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical justice; and according to those measures an involuntary sin deserves not death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desart, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost punishment, which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation which* Sebastian *cou'd make. For what relates to* Almeyda, *her part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the surname of a noble Family in* Portugal, *which was very instrumental in the Restoration of* Don John de Braganza, *Father to the most Illustrious and most Pious Princess our Queen* Dowager. *The* French *Author of a Novel, call'd* Don Sebastian, *has given that name to an* Affrican *Lady of his own invention, and makes her Sister to* Muley-Mahumet. *But I have wholly chang'd the accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the supposition, that she was lelov'd by the King of* Portugal. *Tho, if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus* Augustus Cæsar *wrote an* Ajax, *which was not the less his own, because* Euripides *had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late years* Corneille *writ an* Oedipus *after* Sophocles; *and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with* Mr. Lee, *yet neither the* French *Poet stole from the*

Greek, *nor we from the* French man. *'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property and make it ours. The* Materia Poetica *is as common to all Writers, as the* Materia Medica *to all Physicians. Thus in our* Chronicles, Daniels *History is still his own, though* Matthew Paris, Stow *and* Hollingshed *writ before him, otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own account after a new and better manner.*

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick rules of uxity: I knew them and had them in my eye, but follow'd them only at a distance; for the Genius of the English *cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-plot requir'd them so to be; though the General Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents, which are here represented, cou'd not naturally be suppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to supersede a less.*

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known History, in the death of Muley-Moluch, *who, by all relations dyed of a feaver in the Battel, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a Character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same, with that of the present Emperor* Muley Ishmael, *as some of our* English *Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.*

I have been listning what objections had been made, against the conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd name them, a true critick wou'd imagin that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up fantoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but ætatem habet de se loquatur. *Others that the double poyson is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and* Ausonius *his famous* Epigram *answer that. Lastly a more ignorant sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of* Dorax, *is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them read the Play and think again, and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that Chapter of the Wise* Montaigne,

Montaigne, *which is intituled* de l'Inconſtance des actions humaines. *A longer reply, is what thoſe Cavilliers deſerve not; but I will give them and their fellows to underſtand, that the Earl of* Dorſet, *was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the favour to ſend me word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was diſpleas'd any thing ſhou'd be cut away. If I have not reaſon to prefer his ſingle judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be judge; for the oppoſition is the ſame with that of* Lucan's *Heroe againſt an Army;* concurrere bellum, atque virum. *I think I may modeſtly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the deſign, or writing of this Play, they are not thoſe which have been objected to it. I think alſo, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of doating; and that I have given ſo much application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many groſs abſurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too raſh a cenſure; and may alſo encourage my friends, who are many more than I cou'd reaſonably have expected, to believe their kindneſs has not been very undeſervedly beſtowed on me. This is not a Play that was huddled up in haſt; and to ſhew it was not, I will own, that beſide the general Moral of it, which is given in the four laſt lines, there is alſo another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will obſerve, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be alſo ſome ſecret Beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of deſign, which my puny judges will not eaſily find out; let them conſider in the laſt Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preſerv'd the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the Royal Character; and in making* Dorax *firſt ſubmit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of Characters, that I have given the ſame to* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda; *and conſequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of Character in the greatneſs of their Souls; was intended for a preparation of the final diſcovery, and that the likeneſs of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.*

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all Writers, and eſpecially Poets will have ſome) I will give but one other inſtance, in relation to the Uniformity of the deſign. I have obſerv'd, that

the

the English *will not bear a thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lightned with underparts of mirth. It had been easie for me to have given my Audience a better course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of* Antonio *and* Morayma. *But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any man cou'd have invented one, which had been more of a piece, and more depending, on the serious part of the design. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a Comical entertainment? To prepare this Episode, you see* Dorax *giving the Character of* Antonio, *in the beginning of the Play, upon his first sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the dependence,* Antonio *is ingag'd in the Fourth Act, for the deliverance of* Almeyda; *which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.*

I shou'd beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future Poets, in the conduct of their Plays: At least if I appear too positive; I am growing old, and thereby, in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my Old Master Virgil.

Tu, ne cede malis; sed, contrà, audentior ito.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN King of *Portugal.*

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho he's no more My Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:
So may caſt Poets write; there's no Pretenſion,
To argue loſs of Wit from loſs of Penſion.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I ſee not one, that wears a damning face.
The Britiſh *Nation, is too brave to ſhow,*
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquiſh'd foe,
At leaſt be civil to the Wretch imploring;
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:
Suppoſe our Poet was your foe before;
Yet now, the buſ'neſs of the Field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your Civil Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.
Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good advice, and pleaſe your ſelves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another glaſs:
When, with full bowls of Burgundy *you dine,*
Tho at the Mighty Monarch *you repine,*
You grant him ſtill moſt Chriſtian, in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet, but his brains grow Addle;
And all the reſt is purely from this Noddle.
You've ſeen young Ladies at the Senate door,
Preſer Petitions, and your grace implore;
How ever grave the Legiſlators were.

Their

Their Cauſe went ne'er the worſe for being fair,
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I cou'd bribe you, with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good Nature;
That he for once, wou'd ſheath his cutting Satyr:
Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The ſacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane.
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As Times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him, with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not ſet your Teeth together,
To ſtretch the Laws, as Coblers do their Leather.
Horſes, by Papiſts are not to be ridden;
But ſure the Muſes Horſe was ne'er forbidden.
For in no Rate-Book, it was ever found
That Pegaſus *was valued at Five-pound:*
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out, in Writing.

Don

Don Sebaſtian,

King of Portugal.

Act I. Scene I.

The Scene at Alcazar, *repreſenting a Market-Place under the Caſtle.*

Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.

Muly-Zeyd. NOW *Affrica*'s long Wars are at an end;
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Chriſtian Blood,
My conquering Brother will have Slaves enow,
To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.
What hear you of *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*?

Benducar. He fell among a heap of ſlaughter'd Moors;
Though yet his mangled Carcaſe is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,
Was hot purſued; and in the general rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Foord;
And in *Mucazer*'s Flood was ſeen to riſe;
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy arms he drownd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguiſh'd:
Thus, *Molnch*, ſtill the Favorite of Fate,

Swims in a ſanguine torrent to the Throne.
As if our Prophet only work'd for him:
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants.
As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their care,
And younger Brothers but the draff of Nature.
Bend. Be ſtill, and learn the ſoothing Arts of Court;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praiſe him moſt, be you the loudeſt;
Your Brother is luxurious, cloſe, and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in miſchief.
The ſhadow of a diſcontent wou'd ruin us;
We muſt be ſafe before we can be great:
Theſe things obſerv'd, leave me to ſhape the reſt.
Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.
Bend. So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me truſt, and truſt has given me means
Once to be falſe for all. I truſt not him:
For now his ends are ſerv'd, and he grown abſolute,
How am I ſure to ſtand who ſerv'd thoſe ends?
I know your nature open, mild, and grateful;
In ſuch a Prince the People may be bleſt,
And I be ſafe.
Mul. Zeyd. My Father! [*Embracing him.*
Bend. My future King! (auſpicious *Muley-Zeydan:*)
Shall I adore you? No, the place is publick;
I worſhip you within; the outward act
Shall be reſerv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven ſhall envy you the kneeling World.
You know th' Alcaid of *Alcazar*, *Dorax*?
Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean? *Bend.* The ſame:
That gloomy outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul,
Reſolv'd and brave; he has the Souldiers hearts,
And time ſhall make him ours. *Mul.* He's juſt upon us:
Bend. I know him from a far,
By the long ſtride and by the ſullen port:
Retire my Lord.
Wait on your Brothers Triumph, yours is next,
His growth is but a wild and fruitleſs Plant,

I'll cut his barren branches to the ſtock,
And graft you on to bear.
Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.
Bend. Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of ſo much toil, ſuch guilt, and ſuch damnation;
If I am damn'd, it ſhall be for my ſelf:
This eaſie Fool muſt be my Stale, ſet up
To catch the Peoples eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By ſome unpopular act, and then dethrone him.
Enter *Dorax.*
Now *Dorax!*
Dorax, Well *Bemboucar!*
Bend. Bare *Bemboucar!*
Dor. Thou wouldſt have Titles, take 'em then, Chief Miniſter,
Firſt Hangman of the State.
Bend. Some call me Favourite.
Dorax, What's that, his Minion?
Thou art too old to be a Catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not *Bendocar* Bare, a better Name
In a Friend's mouth, than all thoſe gawdy Titles,
Which I diſdain to give the Man I love?
Bend. But always out of humor,——
Dorax, I have cauſe:
Tho all mankind is cauſe enough for Satyr.
Bend. Why then thou haſt reveng'd thee on mankind,
They ſay in fight, thou hadſt a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.
Dorax, I ſpitted Frogs, I cruſh'd a heap of Emmets,
A hundred of 'em to a ſingle Soul,
And that but ſcanty weight too: the great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he ſwallows Vulgar
Like whip'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.
Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'dſt thou not meet *Sebaſtian?*
Thy Maſter had been worthy of thy Sword.
Dorax, My Maſter? By what title,

Becauſe I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be a King? And yet I ſerv'd him,.
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.
You know my ſtory, how I was rewarded,
For Fifteen hard Campaigns, ſtill hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful,
But whoſoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Bend. Still you run off from biaſs; ſay what moves
Your preſent ſpleen?

Dorax, You mark'd not what I told you:
I kill'd not one that was his Makers Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes.
Sebaſtian was my aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I muſt do him right; he was a Man,
Above man's height, ev'n towring to *Divinity*.
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Juſt as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seaſons,
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all beſides
He err'd to me alone:
His goodneſs was diffus'd to human kind,
And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?

Dorax, No, though I ſought
Where ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*: through a track of Death
I follow'd him, by Groans of dying Foes,
But ſt ll I came too late, for he was flown
Like Ligtning, ſwift before me to new Slaughters,
I mow'd acroſs, and made irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the pomp of Battel, but in vain,
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere:
This mads me that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:
Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone

Had

Had right to ſlay; I too wou'd have been ſlain;
That catching hold upon his flitting Ghoſt
I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;
And drag'd him down with me, ſpight of Predeſtination.
Bend. 'Tis of as much import as *Affric*'s worth
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*
The Siſter of the Vanquiſh'd *Mahumet*,
Whoſe fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
The Lands third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n.
Dor. I hope ſhe dy'd in her own Female calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumciſion.
As for *Sebaſtian* we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below
There he ſhall find him at his Manly length
With his face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.
Bend. Yet we may poſſibly hear farther news;
For while our *Affricans* purſu'd the Chaſe,
The Captain of the Rabble iſſued out,
With a black ſhirt-leſs train to ſpoil the dead,
And ſeize the living.
Dor. Each of 'em an Hoaſt,
A Million ſtrong of Vermine ev'ry Villain:
No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and priviledg'd deſtruction.
Bend. Yet I muſt tell you Friend the Great muſt uſe 'em;
Sometimes as neceſſary tools of tumult.
Dor. I wou'd uſe 'em
Like Dogs in times of Plague, out-laws of Nature,
Fit to be ſhot and brain'd; without a proceſs,
To ſtop infection, that's their proper death.
Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to ſurvey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter

Enter Muley-Moluch *the Emperor, with Attendants. The* Mufty, *and* Muley-Zeydan.

Moluch. Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle ſcymitars
Hang by our ſides, for Ornament not uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums,
And all the noiſie trades of War, no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the *Xeriffs* blood
No longer in divided Channels runs,
The younger Houſe took end in *Mahumet.*
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name,
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

Mufty. For this Victorious day our Mighty Prophet
Expects your gratitude, the Sacrifice
Of Chriſtian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The purple preſent ſhall be richly paid:
That Vow perform'd, faſting ſhall be aboliſh'd:
None ever ſerv'd Heav'n well with a ſtarv'd face:
Preach Abſtinence no more; I tell thee *Mufty*
Good feaſting is devout: and thou our Head,
Haſt a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury: our lean Faith
Gives ſcandal to the Chriſtians; they feed high:
Then look for ſhoals of Converts, when thou haſt
Reform'd us into feaſting.

Muf. Faſting is but the Letter of the Law:
Yet it ſhows well to Preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is againſt our Law, that's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides,
Wine is a Holy Liquor, for the Great. [Dorax *aſide.*
This *Mufti* in my conſcience is ſome *Engliſh*
Renegade, he talks ſo ſavourly of toping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.

Enter

Enter Muſtapha *Captain of the Rabble with his followers of the Black Guard, &c. and other Moors: with them a Company of* Portugueſe *Slaves without any of the chief Perſons.*

M. Mol. Theſe are not fit to pay an Emperors Vow;
Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims;
Theſe are but garbidge not a Sacrifice.

Muſ. The Prophet muſt not pick and chooſe his Offrings;
Now he has giv'n the Day, 'tis paſt recalling:
And he muſt be content with ſuch as theſe.

M. Mol. But are theſe all? Speak you who are their Maſters.

Muſta. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, ſo. If not, you muſt ſtay till they get a better generation: Theſe Chriſtians are mere bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; And theſe have all the looks of Eldeſt Sons.

M. Mol. Pain of your lives let none conceal a Slave.

Muſt. Let every Man look to his own Conſcience, I am ſure mine ſhall never hang me.

Bend. Thou ſpeak'ſt as thou wert privy to concealments: Then thou art an Accomplice.

Muſt. Nay if Accomplices muſt ſuffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a Great Man and a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now if I confeſs, he'll be ſure to ſcape between his Greatneſs and his Holineſs, and I ſhall be murder'd, becauſe of my Poverty and Raſcality.

Mufti *winking at him.*

Then if thy ſilence ſave the Great and Holy,
'Tis ſure thou ſhalt go ſtraight to Paradiſe

Muſt. 'Tis a fine place they ſay; but Doctor I am not worthy on't: I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for ſuch a poor raſcally Muſulman as I am: Beſides I have learnt ſo much good manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be ſerv'd before me.

M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if the *Muſty* were concern'd:

Muſt. Your Majeſty may lay your Soul on't: but for my part,

part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I ſcorn to be trick'd into Paradice, I wou'd he ſhou'd know it. The troth on't is an't like you, His reverence bought of me the flower of all the Market; theſe —— theſe are but Dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he pay'd me too I'll ſay that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get Paradice when my time comes I can't help my ſelf; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

M. Mol. Where are thoſe Slaves? produce 'em.

Muſ. They are not what he ſays.

M. Mol. No more excuſes. [*One goes out to fetch them.*

Know thou may'ſt better dally
With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Muſ. I but reſerv'd 'em to preſent thy Greatneſs
An Offring worthy thee.

Muſt. By the ſame token there was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin ſaid I! but I won't be too poſitive of that neither) with a roguiſh leering eye! he paid me down for her upon the nail a thouſand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay ſo dear for ſuch a delicious Morſel, and give it away out of his own mouth; when it had ſuch a farewel with it too?

Enter Sebaſtian *conducted in mean habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio, *and* Almeyda: *her face veil'd with a* Barnus.

M. Mol. Ay; Theſe look like the Workmanſhip of Heav'n:
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore caſt into theſe noble moulds.

Dorax *aſide while the Emperor whiſpers* Benducar.

By all my wrongs
'Tis he; damnation ſeize me but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and ſwells; he's poyſon to me;
My injur'd honour, and my raviſh'd love,
Bleed at their Murderers ſight.

Benducar

[Bend. *to* Dor. *aſide.*

The Emperor wou'd learn theſe Pris'ners names;
You know 'em.

Dor. Tell him, no.
And trouble me no more. —— I will not know 'em.
Shall I truſt Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd, [*Aſide.*
With my revenge? then, where's my ſatisfaction?
No, it muſt be my own; I ſcorn a Proxy.

M. Mol. 'Tis decreed,
Theſe of a better aſpect, with the reſt
Shall ſhare one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a ball
Into an Urn; three only black be there,
The reſt, all white, are ſafe.

Muſ. Hold Sir, the Woman muſt not draw.

M. Mol. O *Muſti.*
We know your reaſon, let her ſhare the danger.

Muſ. Our Law ſays plainly Women have no Souls:

M. Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, ſet her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her
The faireſt of her Sex, ſo much unſeen,
I hate the Siſter of our Rival Houſe,
Ten thouſand ſuch dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her life; if not Immortal:
Dye as ſhe cou'd, all of a piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here an Urn is brought in: the Pris'ners approach with great concernment; and among the reſt Sebaſtian, Alvarez *and* Antonio; *who come more chearfully.*

Dor. Poor abject Creatures how they fear to dye! [*Aſide.*
Theſe never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down: is load ſo pleaſant?
Or has Heav'n hid the happineſs of Death
That Men may bear to live? —— Now for our Heroes.

The three approach.

O, theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebaſtian*'s Father;
Now Miniſter; (too honeſt for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a black; and ſmiles upon't,
As who ſhou'd ſay my Faith and Soul are white
Tho my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter
He's bleſt; if not, well cheated, and dyes pleas'd.

Anton. *holding his Lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too ſoon.
Thou haſt a colour; if thou prov'ſt not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now, Let me rowl, and grubble thee,
Blind Men ſay white feels ſmooth, and black feels rough;
Thou haſt a rugged skin; I do not like thee.
Dor. There's th' Amorous airy ſpark, *Antonio*;
The wittieſt Womans toy in *Portugal*.
Lord what a loſs of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will b' in mourning for him.
Antonio. I've a moiſt ſweaty palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hope in rubbing
To waſh this Ethiope white.—— (Looks) Pox of the Proverb!
As black as Hell: another lucky ſaying!
I think the Devils in me: — good again,
I cannot ſpeak one ſyllable, but tends
To Death or to Damnation. [*Holds up his ball.*
Dor. He looks uneaſie at his future Journey: [*Aſide.*
And wiſhes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at night.

Go to bed fool, and take ſecure repoſe
For thou ſhalt wake no more.

(Sebaſtian *comes up to draw.*)

M. Mol. to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the Lott'ry,
He looks ſecure of Death, ſuperior greatneſs,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and ſaid thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.

Bend. He looks as Man was made, with face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all ſpirit, his eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm:
Yet now diſdains to live. (Sebaſt. *draws a blank.*)

M. Mol. He has his wiſh;
And I have fail'd of mine!

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aſide.*
Fine work above, that their anointed care
Shou'd dye ſuch little Death: or did his Genius
Know mine the ſtronger *Demon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of fate
To skulk behind my Sword; ſhall I diſcover him?
Still he wou'd dye not mine: no thanks to my
Revenge: reſerv'd but to more royal ſhambles.
'Twere baſe too; and below thoſe Vulgar Souls,
That ſhar'd his danger, yet not one diſclos'd him:
But ſtruck with Rev'rence kept an awful ſilence.
I'll ſee no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit* Dorax.

Mul. Mol. One of theſe Three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em ſhall dye.
The Reſt are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes, like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw,
Let Lots again decide it.

(*The Three draw again: and the Lot falls on* Sebaſtian.)

Sebaſt. Then there's no more to manage! if I fall
It ſhall be like my ſelf; a ſetting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.

Behold *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal*.

M. Mol. Sebaſtian! ha! it muſt be he; no other
Cou'd repreſent ſuch ſuffring Majeſty:
I ſaw him, as he terms himſelf, a Sun
Strugling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting day
On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebaſt. Not leſs ev'n in this deſpicable now,
Than when my Name fill'd Affrick with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an Impudence
Of Greatneſs.

Sebaſt. Here ſatiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my looſen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fate's: Now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it burial there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your Earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the air: the Winds
That ſtrow my duſt, diffuſe my royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your Clime: for where one Atome
Of mine ſhall light; know there *Sebaſtian* Reigns.

M. Mol. What ſhall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impoſſible!
Souls know no Conquerors.

M. Mol. I'll ſhow thee for a Monſter through my Affrick.

Seb. No thou canſt only ſhow me for a Man:
Affrick is ſtor'd with Monſters; Man's a Prodigy,
Thy Subjects have not ſeen.

Mul. M. Thou talk'ſt as if

Still

Still at the head of Battel.
Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,
For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he wou'd ſleep.
Sebaſt. Till Dooms-day; when the Trumpet ſounds to riſe;
For that's a Soldiers call,
M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late:
Thou ſhou'dſt have dy'd in battel, like a Soldier,
Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me,
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To cruſh my Soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a ruine has thy head-ſtrong Pride,
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire plung'd thy People.
Sebaſt. What ſay'ſt thou, ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes has ſtrew'd,
And left our Affric Vultures to devour.
Bend. Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with thee,
To cheriſh not deſtroy.
Sebaſt. Witneſs, O Heaven, how much
This ſight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of theſe: How gladly wou'd I pay
The Ranſom down: But ſince I have but one,
'Tis a King's life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.
Not your falſe Prophet, but eternal Juſtice
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to dye for theſe:
'Tis fit a Sovereign ſo ſhou'd pay ſuch Subjects;
For Subjects ſuch as they are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need;
Nor for baſe lucre ſold their Loyalty,
But ſhar'd my dangers to the laſt event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: Theſe thanks I pay you:
[*Wipes his Eyes.*
And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.
M. Mol. They plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood: My Clouds are gath'ring too,

In kindly mixture with this Royal ſhowr:
Be ſafe, and owe thy Life, not to my gift,
But to the greatneſs of thy mind, *Sebaſtian:*
Thy Subjects too ſhall live; a due reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy concealment.
Mufti, Remember, Sir, your Vow. [*A general ſhout.*
Mul. M. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.
Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too ſtrong to laſt.
[*Aſide to* Benducar.
Bend. The *Mufti reddens*, mark that holy Cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths Treaſon at his mouth,
And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.
Sebaſt. A mercy unexpected, undeſir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the art to vanquiſh:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you Sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my Subjects ſafety:
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.
M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.
Unveil the Woman; I wou'd view the Face
That warm'd our *Mufti*'s Zeal:
Theſe pious Parrots peck the faireſt Fruit:
Such Taſters are for Kings.
[*Officers go to* Almeyda *to unveil her.*
Almeyda, Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.
M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.
Seb. On your lives,
Approach her not.
M. Mol. How's this!
Seb. Sir pardon me,
And hear me ſpeak.——
Almeyda, Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no Slave; the nobleſt blood of *Affric*
Runs in my Veins; a purer ſtream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the ſame Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd, and defil'd with Tyranny.
M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!
Almeyda, I ſhou'd be one,

Becauſe

Becauſe of kin to thee: Wou'dſt thou be touch'd
By the preſuming hands of ſawcy Grooms?
The ſame reſpect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the ſame for my deſcent.
Theſe hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'ſt behold *Almeydas* face. [*Unveils her ſelf.*
Bend. Wou'd I had never ſeen it! [*aſide.*
Almeyda, She whom thy *Muſti* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Affric* now be judg;
Perhaps thou think'ſt I meanly hope to 'ſcape,
As did *Sebaſtian* when he own'd his greatneſs.
But to remove that ſcruple know, baſe Man,
My murther'd Father, and my Brother's Ghoſt
Still haunt this Breſt, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive nor dare thou pardon.
M. Mol. Woud'ſt thou revenge thee, Trait'reſs, hadſt thou pow'r?
Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more juſtly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with arms united
They fought their way, and ſeiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their danger was their ſhare:
For where was Elderſhip, where none had right,
But that which Conqueſt gave? 'Twas thy ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No provocation given, no War declar'd.
M. Mol. I'll hear no more.
Alm. This is the living Coal that burning in me
Wou'd flame to vengeance, cou'd it find a vent.
My Brother too, that lies yet ſcarcely cold
In his deep watry bed: My wandring Mother,
Who in exile died.
O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work; ſtill, ſtill, thou Tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt.
M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:

Whether

Whether the Toyls of Battel, unrepaird
With due repoſe, or other ſudden qualm.
Benducar do the reſt. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*
Bend. Strange; in full health! This pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct theſe Royal Captives to the Caſtle;
Bid *Dorax* uſe 'em well, till farther order. [*Going off, ſtops.*
The inferior Captives their firſt owners take,
To ſell, or to diſpoſe.—— You, *Muſtapha*,
Set ope the Market for the ſale of Slaves [*Exit* Benducar.

The Maſters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of ſeveral Qualities come in and chaffer about the ſeveral Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Muſtapha, My Chattels are come into my hands again, and my Conſcience will ſerve me to ſell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Muſti* comes to claim 'em.

Firſt Merchant to Muſtapha.

What do'ſt hold that old Fellow at? [*Pointing to* Alvarez.
He's tough, and has no ſervice in his limbs.

Muſt. I confeſs he's ſomewhat tough; but I ſuppoſe you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thouſand Crowns.

1*ſt. Mer.* Thou mean'ſt a thouſand Marvedi's.

Muſt. Prithee Friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1*ſt. Mer.* What virtues has he to deſerve that price?

Muſt. Marry come up Sir! Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich, What other Virtues wou'dſt thou have in a Noble-man?

1*ſt. Mer.* I buy him with another man's Purſe, that's my comfort,
My Lord *Dorax*, the Governor, will have him at any rate:—
There's Handſel.
Come, old Fellow, to the Caſtle.

Alvar. To what is miſerable Age reſerv'd! [*Aſide.*
But oh the King! And oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long, to time it better,

And

And now I wou'd diſcloſe, 'tis paſt my pow'r.

[*Exit with his Maſter.*

Muſt. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I warrant him, for I am ſure he is an old Courtier.

Now to put off t'other remnant of my Merchandize, ——
Stir up, Sirrah [*to* Antonio.

Anton. Dog, what wou'dſt thou have!

Muſt. Learn better manners, or I ſhall ſerve you a Dog-trick; come, down upon all four immediately;
I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horſe of me?

Muſt. Horſe or Aſs, that's as thy Mother made thee: ——
But take earneſt in the firſt place for thy Sawcyneſs.

[*Laſhes him with his Whip.*

Be advis'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Enſign of Royalty diſplay'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to uſe thee worſe in *Portugal.*

Muſt. Ay, and good reaſon, Friend, if thou catcheſt me a conquering on thy ſide of the water, lay me on luſtily, I'll take it as kindly as thou doſt this. ——

[*Holds up his Whip.*

Antonio *lying down.*

Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee chearfully,
I ſee the Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance is never practis'd thoroughly but when a Man can't help himſelf.

Enter a Second Merchant.

2*d. Merchant.* You, Friend, I wou'd ſee that Fellow do his Poſtures.

Muſtapha *bridling* Antonio.

Now Sirrah follow, for you have rope enough:
To your paces Villain, amble, trot, and gallop: ——
Quick, about there.— Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

Antonio *follows at the end of the Bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his Poſtures.*

2d. *Merch.* He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [*To* Muſtapha.] I wou'd ſee him ſtrip, has he no Diſeaſes about him?

Muſt. He's the beſt piece of Man's fleſh in the Market, not an Eye-ſore in his whole body: Feel his Legs, Maſter, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall. [*Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Merchant *feeling about him, and then putting his hand to his ſide.*

Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The Whorſon's broken-winded.

Muſt. Thick breath'd a little: Nothing but a ſorry cold with lying out a nights in Trenches;— but ſound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.

Try him at a looſe trot a little.

Puts the Bridle into his hand, he ſtrokes him.

Anton. For Heaven's ſake Owner ſpare me; you know I am but new broken.

2d. *Merch.* 'Tis but a waſhy Jade, I ſee: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Muſt. Bauble do you call him; he's a ſubſtantial true-bred Beaſt; bravely forehanded; mark but the cleanneſs of his ſhapes too; his Dam may be a Spaniſh Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no skill in Horſe-fleſh. ——

Marry I ask Six Hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Mufti.

Mufti, What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

Muſt. Marry, I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons; I was doing you a ſmall piece of ſervice here, putting off your Chattel for you.

Mufti, And putting the Mony into your own Pocket.

Muſt. Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was ſenſible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any man that ſhou'd have injur'd you in a ſingle Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Mufti,

Mufti, Sacriledge you mean, Sirrah,—and damning ſhall be the leaſt part of your puniſhment; I have taken you in the manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Muſt. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Mufti, No Sirrah, ſo you may repent, and ſcape puniſhment: Did not you ſell this very Slave amongſt the reſt to me, and take Mony for him. *Muſt.* Right my Lord.

Mufti, And ſelling him again? Take Mony twice for the ſame Commodity? Oh, Villain!
But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Muſt. Why ſhou'd I lye to your Honor, I did know him; and thereupon, ſeeing him wander about; I took him up for a ſtray, and impounded him, with intention to reſtore him to the right Owner.

Mufti, And yet at the ſame time was ſelling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together.

Muſt. Patience, my Lord.
I took him up, as your Heriot, with intention to have made the beſt of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a Purſe to you; for I know you wou'd have ſpent half of it upon your pious Pleaſures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Mufti, And what's become of my other Slave? Thou haſt ſold him too I have a villainous ſuſpicion.

Muſt. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robuſtous Fellow, that old Spark who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by conſequence, very nimble, ſlipt through my fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold faſt of him, and ran away to buy himſelf a new Maſter.

Mufti *to* Antonio.

Follow me home, Sirrah: [*to* Muſt.] I ſhall remember you ſome other time. [*Exit* Mufti *with* Antonio.

Muſt. I never doubted your Lordſhips memory, for an ill turn: And I ſhall remember him too in the next riſing of the Mobile, for this act of Reſumption; and more eſpecially for the Ghoſtly Counſel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my ſelf in ſilence, to have ſav'd his Reverence. The

best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his Slaves twice over.——And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what should a poor Man do, that gets his living by hard labor, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily. O, for some incomparable Tumult! Then shou'd I naturally wish, that the beaten Party might prevail, because we have plundered t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortunes while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[*Exit* Muftaph.

Act II.

Scene 1. *Suppos'd to be a terrace Walk, on the side of the Castle of* Alcazar.

Emperor. Benducar.

Emper. AND thinkest thou not it was discovered?
Bend. No:
The thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my conscious Eyes flash out a Flame
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
The secret path I trod?
Bend. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that close Labarynth; how then shou'd they?
Emp. I wou'd be loth they shou'd: it breeds contempt
For Herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den:
But is 't not strange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being. *Emp.* Still

Emp. Still 'tis ſtrange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as winds,
That ſweep the Deſarts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be ſow'd upon our Sands,
As in a breſt ſo barren:
To love an Enemy, the only One
Remaining too, whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her charms, and rolling as ſhe paſt,
By every Squadron her alluring eyes:
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my ruin.
The ſhouts of Soldiers, and the burſt of Cannon,
Maintain ev'n ſtill a deaf and murm'ring noiſe;
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the ſound
Her Battel rows'd: Yet ſpight of me I love.
Bend. What then controuls you?
Her Perſon is as proſtrate as her Party.
Emp. A thouſand things controul this Conqueror,
My native pride to own th'unworthy paſſion,
Hazard of Int'reſt, and my Peoples love:
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and ſhe deſerves.
Wou'd not th' impoſſibility
Of ever, ever ſeeing, or poſſeſſing,
Calm all this rage, this Hurrican of Soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,
I mark'd the double, ſhows extream reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right thou haſt me,
I wou'd, but cannot kill: I muſt enjoy her:
I muſt, and what I muſt be ſure I will.
What's Royalty but pow'r to pleaſe my ſelf?
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns, —— 'tis reſolv'd,
Weak Princes flatter when they want the pow'r
To curb their People; tender Plants muſt bend,
But when a Government is grown to ſtrength,
Like ſome old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.
Bend. Then you reſolve
T'implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death, muſt I beg the pity of my Slave?
Muſt a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me:
He tunes the Organs of my voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,
And drives me on by force. ——
Say I ſhou'd wed her, wou'd not my wiſe Subjects
Take check, and think it ſtrange? perhaps revolt?
Bend. I hope they wou'd not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'ſt they wou'd?
Bend. To whom?
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to Thee.
[Bend. *in diſorder.*
To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!
The name of Treaſon ſhakes my honeſt Soul.
If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure your ſelf this moment, take my life.
Emp. No more: if I ſuſpected thee --- I wou'd.
Bend. I thank your kindneſs: Guilt had almoſt loſt me! [*Aſide.*
Emp. But clear my doubts: think'ſt thou they may rebel.
[Bend. *aſide.*
This goes as I wou'd wiſh: --- (*to th' Emp.*) 'Tis poſſible.
A ſecret Party ſtill remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in aſhes — wanting but
A breath to blow aſide th' involving duſt,
And then they blaze abroad.
Emp. They muſt be trampled out.
Bend. But firſt be known.
Emp. Torture ſhall force it from 'em.
Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the rack?
Emp. Yes, the whole World; ſo I be ſafe, I care not.
Bend. Our Limbs and Lives
Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

Emp.

Emp. All may be foes; or how to be diſtinguiſh'd,
If ſome be friends?

Bend. They may with eaſe be winnow'd:
Suppoſe ſome one, who has deſerv'd your truſt,
Some one who knows Mankind, ſhou'd be employ'd
To mix among 'em, ſeem a Malcontent,
And dive into their breaſts, to try how far
They dare oppoſe your love?

Emp. I like this well: 'Tis wholeſom wickedneſs.

Bend. Whomever he ſuſpects, he faſtens there,
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unſearch'd:
Then, like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd venome,
He brings it to your Hive: if ſuch a Man
So able, and ſo honeſt, may be found;
If not, my project dyes.—

Emp. By all my hopes thou haſt deſcrib'd thy ſelf:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only coudſt contrive.

Bend. Sure I cou'd ſerve you:
I think I cou'd:——but here's the difficulty,
I'm ſo entirely yours,
That I ſhou'd ſcurvily diſſemble hate;
The cheat wou'd be too groſs.

Emp. Art thou a Stateſman
And canſt not be a Hypocrite? Impoſſible:
Do not diſtruſt thy Vertues.

Bend. If I muſt perſonate this ſeeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to ſerve you.

Emp. No more words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all affairs
Are troubleſom but that; and yet that moſt.
[*Going.*
Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebaſtian* like a King;
I had forgot him;— but this Love marrs all,
And takes up my whole breſt. [*Exit Emperor.*

Bend. (to the *Emp.*) Be ſure I'll tell him.——
With all the aggravating Circumſtances [*Alone.*
I can, to make him ſwell at that Command,

The

The Tyrant firſt ſuſpected me:
Then, with a ſudden guſt, he whirld about,
And truſted me too far: Madneſs of Pow'r!
Now, by his own conſent, I ruin him.
For, ſhou'd ſome feeble Soul, for fear or gain
Bolt out t'accuſe me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the ſecret.
How ſweet is Treaſon when the Traytor's ſafe!

(*Sees the* Mufti *and* Dorax *entring and ſeeming to conſer.*)

The *Mufti*, and with him my ſullen *Dorax*,
That firſt is mine already.
Twas eaſie work to gain a cov'tous mind,
Whom rage to looſe his Pris'ners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himſelf,
He wou'd ſeduce another; I muſt help him:
For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,
Are ſilly, woful, awkard Politicians;
They make lame miſchief, though they mean it well:
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn, and hid,
But ſeams are coarſly bungled up, and ſeen.

Muſ. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy Morals.

Bend. to *Dor.* You ſeem warm:
The good Man's zeal, perhaps has gon too far.

Dor. Not very far; not farther than zeal goes
Of courſe; a ſmall days journey ſhort of Treaſon.

Muſ. By all that's Holy, Treaſon was not nam'd:
I ſpar'd the Emperors broken Vows to ſave
The Slaves from Death; though it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.

Dor. And ſlighted o'er [*ſcornfully.*
The wrongs himſelf ſuſtain'd in property:
When his bought Slaves were ſeiz'd by force, no loſs
Of his conſider'd, and no coſt repaid.

Muſ.

Mufti, Not wholly ſlighted o'er, not abſolutely:
Some modeſt hints of private wrongs I urg'd.
Dorax, Two thirds of all he ſaid: there he began;
To ſhew the fulneſs of his heart, there ended:
Some ſhort excurſions of a broken Vow,
He made indeed, but flat inſipid ſtuff:
But when he made his loſs the Theme, he flouriſh'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppreſſing Tyranny.
Mufti, Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd ſeize
My Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n,
Whoſe Perſon, though unworthy, I ſuſtain.
Dorax. You've made ſuch ſtrong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneneſs in us Laiety
To offer earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They wou'd not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promiſe, but our Earth you covet.
The Phaethons of mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent by Preaching but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the mark.
Mufti, No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.
Dorax, Now his Zeal yearns,
To ſee me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Becauſe I wou'd reſtrain him to his Duty;
Is not the care of Souls a load ſufficient?
Are nor your holy ſtipends pay'd for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures and their Diſeaſes?
If this be ſo, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Employment, all your care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.

Bend. to the *Mufti.* He ſpeaks but reaſon.

Dorax, Why then theſe forein thoughts of State-Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys,
What wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there, you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But, when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the Feaſt.
Of all your College Vertues, nothing now
But your Original Ignorance remains:
Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
You ſwell, to counſel Kings and govern Kingdoms.

Mufti. He prates as if Kings had not Conſciences,
And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dorax, As private men they want you, not as Kings;
Nor wou'd you care t'inſpect their publick Conſcience,
But that it draws dependencies of Pow'r,
And Earthly Intereſt which you long to ſway.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a foot of Conſcience there,
And you, like *Archimedes,* toſs the Globe.
We know your thoughts of us that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.

Mufti. I will not anſwer,
Baſe foul mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee
To ſhew my Charity. *Exit* Mufti.

Dorax, Do; but forget not him who needs it moſt:
Allow thy ſelf ſome ſhare: He's gone too ſoon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;

Things

Things that wou'd ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this or that, but all Religions falſe.
Bend. Our Holy Oratour has loſt the Cauſe: [*Aſide.*
But I ſhall yet redeem it.—(to *Dorax*) let him go;
For I have ſecret Orders from the Emperour,
Which none but you muſt hear: I muſt confeſs
I cou'd have wiſh'd ſome other hand had brought 'em.
When did you ſee your Priſ'ner Great *Sebaſtian?*
Dorax, You might as well have ask'd me when I ſaw
A creſted Dragon, or a Baſilisk;
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor ſhall he ſee me
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
That rouls within my breſt.
Bend. 'Twas my miſtake:
I gueſs'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning duty had effac'd
The mem'ry of paſt wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.
Dorax, Forgive him! no, I left my fooliſh Faith
Becauſe it wou'd oblige me to forgiveneſs.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obſtinate:
For you muſt ſee him; 'tis our Emp'rours will,
And ſtrict Command.
Dorax, I laugh at that Command.
Bend. You muſt do more than ſee; ſerve, and reſpect him.
Dorax, See, ſerve him, and reſpect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I muſt do this!
But I forget my ſelf.
Bend. Indeed you do.
Dorax, The Emp'rour is a ſtranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my ſtory, to revoke
This hard Commiſſion.
Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to ſpeak, at full
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Maſter?
Dorax, And yet enjoyn'd my Service, and Attendance?
Bend. And yet enjoyn'd 'em both: wou'd that were all;

He ſcru'd his Face into a harden'd ſmile,
And ſaid, *Sebaſtian* knew to govern Slaves.
Dorax, Slaves are the growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n I will not lay down my Commiſſion;
Not at his foot, I will not ſtoop ſo low;
But if there be a part in all his Face
More ſacred than the reſt, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you loſe all future means
Of Vengeance on *Sebaſtian*, when no more
Alcalde of this Fort.
Dorax, That thought eſcap'd me.
Bend. Keep your Command; and be reveng'd on both:
Nor ſooth your ſelf; you have no pow'r t' affront him;
The Emp'rours love protects him from inſults.
And he, who ſpoke that proud ill-natur'd word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to *Sebaſtian:*
Nay bid you kneel, and kiſs th' offending foot,
That kick'd you from his Preſence.
But think not to divide their puniſhment;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd *Sebaſtian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.
Dorax, What means this Riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out: there needs no *Oedipus* to ſolve it.
Our Emp'rour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign, one day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the Sun is loſt that ſees not bloud:
When none is ſhed we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in favour, cannot call
This hour our own?—— you know the younger Brother
Mild *Muley Zeydan*;——
Dorax, Hold and let me think.
Bend. The Soldiers Idolize you,
He truſts you with the Caſtle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.
Dorax, Well; and he truſts you too.

Bend.

Bend. Elſe I were mad,
To hazard ſuch a daring Enterprize.
Dorax, He truſts us both; mark that, ſhall we betray him?
A Maſter who repoſes Life and Empire
On our fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated name my nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with ſcorn:
Ev'n with the laſt contempt, to ſerve *Sebaſtian*.
Yet more I know he vacates my revenge;
Which, but by this revolt I cannot compaſs:
But, while he truſts me, 'twere ſo baſe a part
To fawn and yet betray, I ſhou'd be hiſs'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
Bend. Conſider well what I have done for you.
Dorax, Conſider thou what thou woud'ſt have me do.
Bend. You've too much honour for a Renegade.
Dorax, And thou too little faith to be a Fav'rite.
Is not the bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth, and Honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou wou'dſt deſtroy?
And wou'd his Creature, nay his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human kind:
Diſtruſts, debates, immortal ſtrifes enſue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All muſt be Rapine, Wars, and Deſolation,
When truſt and gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence:
You, who have burſt aſunder all thoſe bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your Native Prince.
Dorax, True, I rebell'd: but when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not ſupport,
Provok'd my vengeance to this noble Crime.
But he had ſtrip'd me firſt of my Command,
Diſmiſs'd my Service, and abſolv'd my Faith;
And, with diſdainful Language, dar'd my worſt.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.
Elſe had you ſeen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,
With his couch'd Lance againſt your foremoſt *Moors*:

Perhaps

Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day;
Made *Affrick* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.
Bend. Let me embrace thee.
Dorax, Stand off Sycophant,
And keep Infection diſtant.
Bend. Brave and honeſt.
Dorax, In ſpight of thy Temptations.
Bend. Call 'em Trials:
They were no more: thy faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by jealouſie of Pow'r;
Vaſt was the truſt of ſuch a Royal Charge;
And onr wiſe Emperour, might juſtly fear
Sebaſtian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements to thy former love.
Dorax, I doubt thee ſtill; thy reaſons were too ſtrong,
And driv'n too near the head, to be but Artifice.
And after all, I know thou art a Stateſman,
Where truth is rarely found.
Bend. Behold the Emperour;

(*Enter* Emp. Seb. *and* Almeyda.)

Ask him, I beg thee to be juſtify'd,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the footing whether falſe or firm.
Dorax, Death to my Eyes, I ſee *Sebaſtian* with him!
Muſt he be ſerv'd! avoid him, if we meet,
It muſt be like the cruſh of Heav'n and Earth,
T' involve us both in ruin. (*Exit* Dorax.
Bend. 'Twas a bare ſaving game I made with *Dorax*,
But better ſo than loſt; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd: I muſt ruin him.
But now this Love; Ay, there's the gath'ring ſtorm!
The Tyrant muſt not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruins all the Fabrick I am raiſing.
Yet ſeeming to approve it, gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.

(Bendu-

(Benducar *goes and waits behind the* Emperour.)
(*The Emperour*; Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda *advance to the front of the Stage.*) *Guards and Attendants.*

Emp. to *Seb.* I bad 'em ſerve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To ſtop their maws with diſobedient Slaves.
Seb. If I had Conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more obſervance waited:
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all ſo quick they ſeem t' have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Onely the *Alcayde*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility,
Bows, and declines my Walks.
Emp. A Renegade:
I know not more of him: but that he's brave,
And hates your Chriſtian Sect. If you can frame
A farther wiſh, give wing to your deſires,
And name the thing you want.
Sebaſt. My Liberty:
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long to leap the Chryſtal walls.
Emp. Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been acquainted:
In former beings; on, ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal.*
Expect a quick deliverance: (turning to *Alm*:) here's a third,
Of kindred Soul to both: pity our Stars
Have made us Foes! I ſhou'd not wiſh her death.
Almeyda, I ask no pity; if I thought my Soul
Of kin to thine, ſoon wou'd I rend my heart-ſtrings,
And tear out that Alliance: but thou Viper
Haſt cancell'd kindred, made a rent in Nature,
And through her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Through thy own Bloud to Empire.
Emper. This again:——
And yet ſhe lives; and only lives t' upbraid me.

Sebaſt. What

Sebaſt. What honour is there in a Womans death!
Wrong'd as ſhe ſays, but helpleſs to revenge;
Strong in her Paſſion, impotent of Reaſon,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be deſtroy'd.
Mark her Majeſtick Fabrick; She's a Temple
Sacred by birth, and built by Hands Divine;
Her Soul's the Deity, that lodges there:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Emp. She's all that thou canſt ſay or I can think.
But the perverſneſs of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.

Seb. Then onely hear her Eyes;
Though they are mute they plead; nay more, command;
For beauteous Eyes have Arbitrary Power.
All Females have prerogative of Sex,
The Shes ev'n of the ſalvage herd are ſafe;
And when they ſnarl or bite, have no return
But Courtſhip from the Male.

Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*,
She's Miſtreſs of unevitable Charms,
For all but me; nor am I ſo exempt,
But that — I know not what I was to ſay —
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;
And ſway'd by your Advice.

Sebaſt. Sir, I advis'd not.
By Heav'n, I never counſell'd Love but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didſt: deny it not, thou didſt:
For what was all that Prodigality
Of praiſe, but to enflame me? ——

Sebaſt. Sir, ——

Emp. No more:
Thou haſt convinc'd me, that ſhe's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man ſo ruin'd by himſelf! (*Aſide.*

Almeyda, Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To ſpeak a word ſo ſoft:
Name Death again, for that thou canſt pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,

Where

Where the brute Beaſt extinguiſhes the Man.

Emper. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
And grapple, and compel their ſavage Dames.—
Mark my *Sebaſtian*, how that ſullen frown, [*She frowns*
Like flaſhing Lightning, opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills delights. But yet, inſult not
Too ſoon, proud Beauty, I confeſs no love.

Seb. No Sir, I ſaid ſo, and I witneſs for you,
Not love; but noble pity mov'd your mind:
Int'reſt might urge you too to ſave her life;
For thoſe who wiſh her party loſt, might murmur
At ſhedding Royal Blood.

Emp. Right, thou inſtruct'ſt me;
Int'reſt of State requires not Death, but Marriage;
T'unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aſide.*
Like Wild-fire thrown againſt the Wind, returns
With double force to burn me.

Emp. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed.——

Almeyda, Still thou diſſembleſt, but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own Charms; thou lov'ſt,
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou doſt.

Emp. And thou haſt cauſe.

Alm. I have; for I have pow'r to make thee wretched.
Be ſure I will, and yet deſpair of freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love,—
And 'tis below my greatneſs to diſown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Through the parch'd Deſarts, and the ſcorching Sands,
T'enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a falſe Courage, when thou threat'neſt me;
Thou canſt not ſtir a hand to touch my Life:
Do not I ſee thee tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt?
Lay by the Lions Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Diſtaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.

Emp. Confuſion! How thou viewеſt my very Heart!

I cou'd as ſoon,
Stop a Spring-tide, blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous Love:——Yes, I will wed thee;
In ſpight of thee, and of my ſelf, I will.
Alm. For what? To people *Affric* with new Monſters,
Which that unnatural mixture muſt produce?
No, were we joyn'd, e'vn tho it were in death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Piſe,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided flame ſhou'd break from thine.
Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poyſon with thee;
Joyn Hate with Hate, add Venom to the birth;
Our Off-ſpring, like the ſeed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again; thou canſt not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of Sun-ſhine ſoften ſtorms to ſhow'rs,
So, if you ſmile, the loudneſs of my rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return, but this,——
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.
Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Chriſtian;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I reſent, nor pardon yet with eaſe:
Thoſe Fruits come late, and are of ſlow increaſe
In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now, tell thy ſelf
If this one word deſtroy not thy deſigns:
Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a ſpecious Tale, to blaſt my hopes,
And baffle my pretenſions. Speak, *Sebaſtian*,
And, as a King, ſpeak true.
Sebaſt. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's word 'tis truth, but truth ill tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unleſs you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciouſly forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little value I have left for life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee Woman;

Thou

Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will ſeize my happineſs by force.
Sebaſt. Know *Muley-Moluch* when thou dar'ſt attempt.——
Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to uſe
A Conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy ſilence.
If thou wou'dſt merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perſwade her to compliance:
If not, there's a new guſt in Raviſhment,
Which I have never try'd.
Bend. They muſt be watch'd; [*aſide.*
For ſomething I obſerv'd creates a doubt.
[*Exeunt* Emperour *and* Benducar.
Seb. I've been too tame, have baſely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King, within me;
I heard him, O ſweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay inſolently urg'd me to perſwade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I ſuffer Life, and drag this being.
Alm. You turn my Priſon to a Paradiſe;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Priſon:
In all your Wars good fortune flew before you;
Sublime you ſate in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cauſe your Sword was drawn;
The weight of my miſfortunes drag'd you down.
Seb. And is't not ſtrange, that Heav'n ſhou'd bleſs my Arms
In common Cauſes, and deſert the beſt?
Now in your greateſt, laſt extremity,
When I wou'd, ayd you moſt, and moſt deſire it,
I bring but Sighs, the ſuccors of a Slave.
Alm. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
To make your flight more eaſie, leave *Almeyda.*
Nor think me left a baſe ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's luſt;
My Virtue is a guard beyond my ſtrength,
And Death, my laſt defence, within my call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tye him up from your relief:
Nor has a Chriſtian privilege to dye.

Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Cato* might diſcharge their Souls,
And give 'em Furlo's for another World:
But we, like Centry's, are oblig'd to ſtand
In ſtarleſs Nights, and wait the pointed hour.
Alm. If ſhunning ill be good, then Death is good
To thoſe who cannot ſhun it but by Death:
Divines but peep on undiſcover'd Worlds,
And draw the diſtant Landſhape as they pleaſe:
But who has e'er return'd from thoſe bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy ſhoar
With an unſully'd Body, and white Mind;
If I have err'd, ſome kind Inhabitant
Will pity a ſtray'd Soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of Death, thou canſt not dye unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccompliſh'd Love behind:
Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unleſs the Bodies joyn to ſeal the Contract.
Alm. What Joys can you poſſeſs or can I give?
Where groans of Death ſucceed the ſighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His dropping Torch, extinguiſh'd with his Tears.
Seb. The God of Love ſtands ready to revive it
With his etherial breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to joyn, when we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Seb. Nay rather let us haſte it, ere we part:
Our Souls, for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the ſtarry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worſe Companions, miſs our ſelves.
Alm. The Tyrant will not long be abſent hence;
And ſoon I ſhall be raviſh'd from your arms.
Seb. Wilt thou thy ſelf become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou haſt Love to give?
In dang'rous days, when Riches are a Crime,
The wiſe betimes make over their Eſtates:

Make

Make oer thy Honour, by a deed of truſt,
And give me ſeizure of the mighty wealth.
Alm. What ſhall I do! O teach me to refuſe!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire preſages fright my Soul by day,
And boding Viſions haunt my Nightly Dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of Ghoſts;
Thin, hollow ſounds, and lamentable ſcreams;
Then, like a dying Ecchо, from afar,
My Mothers Voice, that cries, Wed not *Almeyda*!
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.
Seb. Some envious *Demon*, to delude our joys;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis ſinful Love. "
Alm. Mine is a flame ſo holy, and ſo clear,
That the white taper leaves no ſoot behind; "
No ſmoak of Luſt; but chaſt as Siſter's love,
When coldly they return a Brothers kiſs, "
Without the zeal that meets at lovers mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond preſages; I had ſome;
Fam'd *Noſtradamus*, when he took my Horoſcope,
Foretold my Father I ſhou'd wed with Inceſt:
Ere this unhappy War my Mother dy'd;
And Siſters I had none; vain Augury!
A long Religious Life, a Holy Age,
My Stars aſſign'd me too; impoſſible.
For how can Inceſt ſuit with Holineſs,
Or Prieſtly Orders with a Princely State?
Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez*!--- (ſighing.)
Seb. But why that ſigh in naming that good Man?
Alm. Your Fathers Counſellor and Confident ——
Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my ſecond Father:
Alm. Mark'd our farewel, when going to the fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the word of Battel;
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he diſcover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes ſtood full of tears,
Yet, through the miſt, I ſaw him ſtedfaſt gaze:
Then knock'd his Aged breaſt, and inward groan'd;

Like

Like ſome ſad Prophet, that foreſaw the doom
Of thoſe whom beſt he lov'd, and cou'd not ſave.
Seb. It ſtartles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the ſhock of Battel was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid paſſion; then, with lifted hands,
He beg'd me by my Fathers Sacred Soul,
Not to eſpouſe you, if he dy'd in fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,
He had ſuch things to urge againſt our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my ſword in Battel;
And daſtardize my Courage.
Alm. My blood cruddles;
And cakes about my heart.
Seb. I'll breath a ſigh, ſo warm into thy boſom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Chriſtian; that produc'd his fear:
Leſt thou ſhoud'ſt ſooth my Soul with charms ſo ſtrong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.
Alm. There muſt be more:
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curſt intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed;
It muſt be ſo.
Alm. Yet ——
Seb. No, thou ſhalt not plead
With that fair mouth, againſt the Cauſe of Love.
Within this Caſtle is a Captive Prieſt,
My Holy Confeſſor, whoſe free acceſs
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;
This happy hour his hands ſhall make us one.
Alm. I go; with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To lead my way: half loth and half conſenting.
If, as my Soul fore-bodes, ſome dire event
Purſue this Union, or ſome Crime unknown,
Forgive me Heav'n; and all ye Bleſt above,
Excuſe the frailty of unbounded Love.

Exeunt Ambo.

Scene

Scene 2. *Suppoſ'd a Garden; with Lodging Rooms behind it; or on the ſides.*

Enter Mufti; Antonio *as a Slave*; *and* Johayma *the* Mufti's *Wife.*

Mufti. AND how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a perſonable Fellow of a Chriſtian Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner: Ha what ſay'ſt thou *Johayma?*

Johayma. He may make a ſhift to ſow lettice, raiſe Melons, and water a Garden plat.

But otherwiſe a very filthy Fellow; how odiouſly he ſmells of his Country garlike! fugh, how he ſtinks of *Spain.*

Mufti. Why honey-bird I bought him a purpoſe for thee; didſt not thou ſay thou long'dſt for a Chriſtian Slave?

Joh. Ah, but the ſight of that loathſom creature has almoſt cur'd me; And how can I tell that he's a Chriſtian? and he were well ſearch'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know.

And beſides I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a Civil Creature, and almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf Husband: ſpeak fellow, are not you ſuch a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

Mufti. To your Occupation Dog; bind up the Jeſſamines in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your buſineſs; you have coſt me much; and muſt earn it in your work; here's plentiful proviſion for you, raſcal, ſullating in the Garden, and water in the tanck, and on Holydays the licking of a platter of Rice, when you deſerve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my ſervice?

[Antonio *making legs.*

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Ladies Service.

I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyſhip, and cool you when you are too hot: in fine, no Service either by day or by night ſhall come amiſs to me; and beſides am of ſo quick an apprehenſion, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me underſtand my duty.

[*She winks at him.*

Anton. Very fine, ſhe has tipt the wink already. —— [*Aſide.*

Joh. The Whelp may come to ſomething in time, when I have enter'd him into his buſineſs.

Muſ. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning, you muſt be taught your diſtance Sirrah.

(*Strikes him.*)

Joh. Hold, hold. ——

He ha's deſerv'd it I confeſs; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we muſt not diſcourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beaſts: here you filthy brute you: — take this little Alms, to buy you plaiſters. (*gives him a piece of money*)

Ant. Money and a Love-pinch in the inſide of my palm into the bargain. [*Aſide.*

(*Enter a Servant.*

Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

Muſ. Come in *Johayma*, regulate the reſt of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his work.

Joh. Look how ſtupidly he ſtares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I ſhall teach you Sirrah to know your buſineſs, a little better. —— this way you awkard raſcal, here lyes the Arbour, muſt I be ſhowing you eternally?

(*turning him about.*)

Muſ. Come away Minion; you ſhall ſhow him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbor, where a Roſe-tree and a Myrtle are juſt falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together they wou'd help to keep up one another: — He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muſ. No

Muf. No more deeds of Charity to day; come in, or I ſhall think you a little better diſpos'd than I cou'd wiſh you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Paſtor.

Muf. So you may caſt a ſheeps eye behind you: In before me. And you, ſawcineſs, mind your pruning knife; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

Exeunt Mufti *and Johayma.*

Ant. alone. Thank you for that; but I am in no ſuch haſt to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock, with all her haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhou'd reſiſt, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Chriſtian can reſiſt is another queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily neceſſity: Now have I a ſtrange temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Womens apartment I am ſure; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*pulls out his Flute*) If there be variety of Moors fleſh in this Holy Market 'twere madneſs to lay out all my money upon the firſt bargain.

[*He plays.*

A Grate opens and Morayma *the* Mufti's *Daughter appears at it.*

Anton. Ay there's an Apparition! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Mufti*; this is the reliſhing bit in ſecret; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerv'd from the knowledg of the profane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; ſee, ſhe beckons too. ——

(*She beckons to him.*)

Morayma. Come a little nearer and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come I warrant thee; the leaſt twinckle had brought me to thee; ſuch another kind ſyllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being over-heard; but if you think my Perſon worth your hazard, and can deſerve my love —— the reſt this Note ſhall tell you —— (throws down a handkerchief.) No more, my heart goes with you.

Exit from the Grate.

Antonio. O thou pretty little heart; art thou flown hither, I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new neſt: but now for my Treaſure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief: No peeping here, though I long to be ſpelling her Arabick ſcrawls and pot-hooks. But I muſt carry off my prize, as Robbers do; and not think of ſharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-ſhot from the other Windows. If her wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer dough to theſe: Inſipid white Earth, meer Tobaccopipe-clay; With no more Soul and Motion in 'em, than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and ſublimes
The well bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes;
Our Cupid's but a bungler in his Trade;
His keeneſt Arrows are in Affrick made.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Act. III.

Scene 1. *A Terrace-walk; or ſome other publick place in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Emperor Muley-Moluch; Benducar.

Emper. MArry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis impoſture;
Improbable they ſhou'd preſume t'attempt,
Impoſſible they ſhou'd effect their wiſh.
Bend. Have patience till I clear it.
Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lye ſtill,
And ſtir not, when the ſtormy South blows high: "
From top to bottom thou haſt toſſ'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the madneſs of the Whirl, "
Requir'ſt a ſudden ſtop? unſay thy lye,
That may in time do ſomewhat.
Bend. I have done:
For, ſince it pleaſes you it ſhou'd be forg'd,
'Tis fit it ſhou'd: far be it from your Slave,
To raiſe diſturbance in your Sacred breſt.
Emp. Sebaſtian is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durſt offend my love by that preſumption.
Bend. Moſt ſure he ought not.
Emp. Then all means were wanting;
No Prieſt, no Ceremonies of their Sect;
Or, grant we theſe defects cou'd be ſupply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an Act ſo baſe,
So to reſume his gifts, and curſe my Conqueſts
By making me unhappy! No, the Slave
That told thee ſo abſurd a ſtory, ly'd.
Bend. Yet, till this moment I have found him faithful:
He ſaid he ſaw it too.
Emp. Diſpatch; what ſaw he?

Bend. Truth is, conſidering with what earneſtneſs,
Sebaſtian pleaded for *Almeyda*'s life,
Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praiſe, ——
Emp. O ſtupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too: 'twas groſs and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a Lover ill diſguis'd;
And ſent my ſpy, a ſharp obſerving Slave,
T'inform me better, if I gueſs'd aright.
He told me, that he ſaw *Sebaſtians* Page
Run croſs the Marble Square; who ſoon return'd,
And after him there lag'd a puffing Fryar;
Cloſe wrap'd he bore ſome ſecret Inſtrument;
Of Chriſtian Superſtition in his hand:
My ſervant follow'd faſt, and through a chink,
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand:
And heard the hooded Father mumbling charms,
That make thoſe Misbelievers Man and Wife.
Which done, the Spouſes kiſs'd with ſuch a fervour,
And gave ſuch furious earneſt of their flames,
That their eyes ſparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flushing o'er their faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The Reverend Father, with a Holy leer,
Saw he might well be ſpar'd, and ſoon withdrew:
This forc'd my Servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be diſcover'd; gueſs the reſt.
Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquiſite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliſs
Some Earthquake ſhou'd have ris'n, and rent the ground,
Have ſwallow'd him, and left the longing Bride,
In Agony of unaccompliſh'd Love. (*Walks diſorderly*)

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour [*Aſide.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninſtructed how to ſtem the tide.

Coming

Coming up to the Mufti *aſide.*

The Emp'ror muſt not marry, nor enjoy ;
Keep to that point ; ſtand firm, for all's at ſtake.
Emperor ſeeing him. You, Druggerman of Heaven, muſt I attend
Your droaning Prayers ? Why came you not before ?
Do'ſt thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda ?* Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine ; about the buſineſs, quick,
Expound thy Mahomet ; make him ſpeak my ſenſe,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufti*,
Unleſs thou know'ſt the trick of thy vocation,
To wreſt and rend the Law to pleaſe thy Prince.
Mufti, Why, verily the Law is monſtrous plain :
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alchoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favor to your Project.
Emp. Forge one, and foiſt it into ſome by-place,
Of ſome old rotten Roll ; do't, I command thee :
Muſt I teach thee thy Trade ?
Mufti, It cannot be.
For Matrimony being the deareſt point
Of Law, the People have it all by heart :
A Cheat on Procreation will not paſs.
Beſides th' offence is ſo exorbitant, [*In a higher tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That ſpeedy Vengeance wou'd purſue your Crime,
And holy *Mahomet* launch himſelf from Heav'n,
Before th' unready Thunderbolt were form'd.

Emperor taking him by the Throat with one hand, ſnatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breſt.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,
To preach againſt my Will ? Know I am Law ;
And thou, not *Mahomet*'s Meſſenger, but mine :
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleaſure lawful :
Or firſt I ſtrip the of thy ghoſtly greatneſs,
Then ſend thee poſt, to tell thy Tale above ;

And

And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Juſtice done below for Diſobedience.

Muſti, For Heaven's ſake hold, the reſpite of a moment,—
To think for you.

Emp. And for thy ſelf.—

Muſti, For both.

Bend. Diſgrace, and Death, and Avarice have loſt him! [*Aſide.*

Muſti, 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Chriſtian;
But it forbids you not to raviſh her.
You have a Conqueror's right upon your Slave;
And then, the more deſpight you do a Chriſtian,
You ſerve the Prophet more who loaths that Sect.

Emp. Oh now it mends; and you talk reaſon, *Muſti*.
But ſtay! I promis'd freedom to *Sebaſtian*:
Now ſhou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

Muſti, Kill him, for then you give him liberty:
His Soul is from his earthly Priſon freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws.

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.

Bend. Firſt, ſince our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that: proceed not yet to force:
Why ſhou'd you pluck the green diſtaſtful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it ſelf and fall?

Emp. Grant her a day; tho that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her deſir'd *Sebaſtian*,
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his head.

Emperor *to the* Mufti.

Go *Muſti*, call him to receive his Orders. [*Exit* Muſti.
I taſte thy Counſel, her deſires new rowz'd,
And yet unſlak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feaſt.

Bend.

Bend. aſide. Dorax, I know before, will diſobey:
There's a Foe's Head well cropt.—
But this hot love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to projection ere its time.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda *hand in hand; upon ſight of the Emperor, they ſeparate and ſeem diſturb'd.*

Almeyda, He breaks, at unawares, upon our Walks,
And like a mid-night Wolf invades the Fold:
Make ſpeedy preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for anſwer,
And brutal miſchief ſits upon his brow.
Sebaſt. Not the laſt ſounding, cou'd ſurprize me more,
That ſummons drowzy Mortals to their doom,
When call'd in haſte, they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their charge:
My ſenſe has been ſo deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-ſlept her hour; and, ſcarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot! But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate.—

Emperor coming up to them.

Emp. Have you perform'd
Your Embaſſy, and treated with ſucceſs?
Sebaſt. I had not time.
Emp. No, not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.
Sebaſt. You talk in Clouds, explain your meaning, Sir.
Emp. Explain yours firſt: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you ſaw me, with a guilty ſtart,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my preſence?
Seb. Affrighted?
Emp. Yes, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.
Seb. What mak'ſt thou of thy ſelf, and what of me?
Art thou ſome Ghoſt, ſome Demon, or ſome God?
That I ſhou'd ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy ſight?
If thou cou'dſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why didſt thou not engage me man for man,

And

And try the virtue of that *Gorgon* Face,
To ſtare me into ſtatue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at firſt, as if ſurpriz'd
At unexpected baſeneſs brought to light.
For know, ungrateful man, that Kings, like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' abyſs of minds,
And view the dark receſſes of the Soul.

Seb. Baſe and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of fate, durſt thou have call'd me;
But, ſince thou boaſt'ſt th' omniſcience of a God,
Say, in what cranny of *Sebaſtian's* Soul,
Unknown to me, ſo loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou haſt not broke my truſt repos'd in thee?

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that falſehood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda?*

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'ſt the uſurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the face of Heav'n and thee
No Uſurpation; but a lawful claim,
Of which I ſtand poſſeſt.

Emp. Sh' has choſen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Almeyda, Betwixt a Monſter and the beſt of Men.
He was the envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters bluſh'd when he was nam'd.
To ſhare his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the ſalvage greatneſs of thy Throne.

Seb. Were I to chooſe again, and knew my fate,
For ſuch a night I wou'd be what I am.
The Joys I have poſſeſt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt;
But bleſs'd remembrance bring's 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who haſt but hours to live:
O mighty purchaſe of a boaſted bliſs!
To dream of what thou hadſt one fugitive night,
And never ſhalt have more.

Seb.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canſt part us but a moment; ——
We ſhall be one again in thy deſpight:
Life is but air,
That yields a paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better dye than cloſe embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which ſo transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd, ſhall by a ſweet miſtake,
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwiſt you:
I have occaſion for your ſtay on earth:
Let him mount firſt, and beat upon the Wing, "
And wait an Age for what I here detain. "
Or ſicken at immortal Joys above,
And languiſh for the Heav'n he left below.

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has joyn'd?

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to laſt.
Think'ſt thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,
[Benducar *goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to death? [*Pointing to* Sebaſt.
Now ſtorm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defie him
For wanting power to ſave thee.

Seb. That were to gratifie thy Pride: I'll ſhew thee
How a Man ſhou'd, and how a King dare dye:
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with eaſe
Out of its fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does words; without a Sigh, to note
One ſtruggle in the ſmooth diſſolving frame.
Almeyda *to the Emperor.*
Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhuman Wretch;
Nor hope t' aſcend *Sebaſtian's* holy Bed.
Flames, Daggers, Poyſons, guard the ſacred ſteps:
Thoſe are the promis'd Pleaſures of my love.

Emp. And theſe might fright another, but not me.
Or me, if I deſign'd to give you pleaſure;

I ſeek my own, and while that laſts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a ſpeedy death,
And ſet my Soul at eaſe.

Alm. I charge you hold, ye Miniſters of death,
Speak my *Sebaſtian*;
Plead for thy life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no diſhonor, truſt me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart diſdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still ſilent! Will the King of *Portugal*
Go to his death, like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to ſave my life in ſaving thine.

Seb. Farewel, my life's not worth another word.

Emp. to the Guards. Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewel too:
Farewel the greatneſs of *Almeyda*'s Soul!
Look, Tyrant, what exceſs of love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing hands,
Which bliſter when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to ſave *Sebaſtian*'s life.

Emp. A ſecret pleaſure trickles through my Veins:
It works about the inlets of my Soul,
To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the paſs;
But the tough metal of my heart reſiſts;
'Tis warm'd with the ſoft fire, not melted down.

Alm. A flood of ſcalding Tears will make it run,
Spare him, Oh ſpare; can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords,
And pull ſo long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and ſtill embrace; 'tis double pleaſure
So to be hugg'd, and ſee *Sebaſtian* dye.

Alm. Look Tyrant, when thou nam'ſt *Sebaſtian*'s death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade
Of Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,

And

And tremble to approach:——He hears me not;
Nor minds th' impreſſion of a God on Kings;
Becauſe no ſtamp of Heav'n was on his Soul:
But the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal.
Say, though thy heart be rock of Adamant,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes:
Inſtruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy price;
Lo, I reſign my Title to the Crown;
Send me to exile with the Man I love,
And baniſhment is Empire.

Emp. Here's my claim; [*Clapping his hand to his Sword.*
And this extinguiſh'd thine; thou giv'ſt me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mothers, Brothers death I pardon:
That's ſomewhat ſure; a mighty Sum of Murther,
Of innocent and kindred blood ſtrook off.
My Prayers and Penance ſhall diſcount for theſe,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me:
Behold what price I offer, and how dear
To buy *Sebaſtian*'s life.

Emp. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools;
I'll ſtand the tryal of thoſe trivial Crimes:
But, ſince thou beg'ſt me to preſcribe my terms,
The only I can offer are thy love;
And this one day of reſpite to reſolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next word is Fate;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be ſo [*Riſing up.*
At thy laſt breath to thine: I curſe thee not,
For who can better curſe the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curſe be thine.
Now, do not ſpeak *Sebaſtian*, for you need not,
But dye, for I reſign your Life: Look Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebaſtian*'s death!
But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt;
The Skyes are huſh'd; no grumbling Thunders roul:
Now take your ſwing, ye impious; Sin unpuniſh'd;
Eternal providence ſeems overwatch'd,
And with a ſlumb'ring Nod aſſents to Murther.

Enter Dorax *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'ſt a Tortoiſe pace to my relief.
Take hence that, once a King; that ſullen pride
That ſwells to dumbneſs; lay him in the Dungeon,
And ſink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd,
He ſhall not groan to hearing, when I ſend
The next Commands are death.
Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curſes.
Emp. Much at one
In a Slaves mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.
This day thou haſt to think;
At night, if thou wilt curſe, thou ſhalt curſe kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy lips; lay ſiege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Make haſte, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.
Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebaſtian!*
I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now;
O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?
Now flaſh him dead, now crumble him to aſhes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;
And look not idely out upon a World
That is no longer yours.

She is carried off ſtrugling, Emperour *and* Benducar *follow.*

Sebaſtian *ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he ſpeaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet; [*Aſide.*
But mungril-miſchievous; for my Blood boyl'd,
To view this brutal act; and my ſtern Soul
Tug'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my heart;
Redeem thy fame on this *Sebaſtian* firſt;
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.
[*Walks a turn.*

But

But how to right 'em? on a Slave diſarm'd,
Defenceleſs, and ſubmitted to my rage?
A baſe revenge is vengeance on my ſelf? [*walks again.*
I have it; and I thank thee, honeſt head,
Thus preſent to me at my great neceſſity: —
[*Comes up to* Sebaſtian.
You know me not?

Sebaſt. I hear Men call thee *Dorax.*

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you ſpeak too;
You were ſtruck mute before.

Sebaſt. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine: ———
Diſpatch thy work, good Executioner.

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen; add that falſhood
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater ſumm perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I ſhall make bold t'increaſe your debt,
(*gives him his Sword*)
Take this, and uſe it at your greateſt need.

Seb. This hand and this, have been acquainted well;
(*Looks on it.*)
It ſhou'd have come before into my graſp,
To kill the Raviſher.

Dor. Thou heardſt the Tyrants orders; Guard thy life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm ſtill without thy meaning but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.

Seb. Such ſurly kindneſs did I never ſee!

(Dorax *to the Captain of his Guards.*)

Muza, draw out a file, pick man by man,
Such who dare dye, and dear will ſell their death.
Guard him to th' utmoſt; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my Perſon.

Seb. Some-

Seb. Something like
That voice methinks I ſhou'd have ſomewhere heard:
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off;
Beyond my kenn of Soul.

[*Exit* Sebaſtian *with the Soldiers.*

Dor. But I ſhall bring him back ungrateful Man, [*Solus.*
I ſhall, and ſet him full before thy ſight,
When I ſhall front thee, like ſome ſtaring Ghoſt,
With all my wrongs about me. —— What ſo ſoon
Return'd? This haſt is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, Mufti.

Emp. She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill Imperious;
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder.
Be quick, ye falſe Phyſicians of my mind,
Bring ſpeedy Death or Cure.

Bend. What can be counſell'd while *Sebaſtian* lives?
The Vine will cling, while the tall poplar ſtands:
But that cut down creeps to the next ſupport,
And twines as cloſely there.

Emp. That's done with eaſe, I ſpeak him dead: proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next,
That Civil Wars may ceaſe; this gains the Crowd;
Then you may ſafely force her to your will:
For People ſide with violence and injuſtice,
When done for publick good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreaſonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aſide.*
That blaſts my hopes; but ſince 'tis gone ſo far,
He ſhall divulge *Almeyda* is a Chriſtian:
If that produce no tumult I deſpair.

Emp. Why ſpeaks not *Dorax*?

Dor. Becauſe my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly ſay, you went too far
To truſt the Preaching pow'r on State Affairs,

To

To him or any Heavenly Demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'ns Image blotted from you.
Muſ. Sure thou haſt never heard of Holy Men
(So Chriſtians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in *Spain Ximenes*, *Albornoz*,
In *England Woolſey*; match me theſe with Laymen.
Dorax. How you triumph in one or two of theſe,
Born to be Stateſmen, hap'ning to be Church-men:
Thou call'ſt 'em holy; ſo their function was;
But tell me, *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the ſumm of all is this;
Since he claims pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his int'reſt, he can int'reſt Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.
Emp. I'll truſt his Preaching while I rule his pay.
And I dare truſt my *Africans*, to hear
Whatever he dare Preach.
Dor. You know 'em not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their madneſs:
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,
Bluſtring when courted, crouching when oppreſt.
Wiſe to themſelves, and fools to all the World.
Reſtleſs in change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion ſweetn'd to the ſenſe;
A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
Thus Vice and Godlineſs, prepoſt'rous pair,
Ride cheek by joul; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And, when ere Kings wou'd lower Clergy greatneſs,
They learn too late what pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are; the *Mufti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what paſs'd betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; what ere he ſaid was by Command.

Dor. Why

Dor. Why then no more, ſince you will hear no more;
Some Kings are reſolute to their own ruin.

Emp. Without your medling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and diſpatch *Sebaſtian*.

Dor. Truſt my revenge; be ſure I wiſh him dead.

Emp. What mean'ſt thou! what's thy wiſhing to my will;
Diſpatch him, rid me of the Man I loath,

Dor. I hear you Sir, I'll take my time and do't ——

Emp. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole life
To my one hour of eaſe? no more replies,
But ſee thou do'ſt it; Or ——

Dor. Choak in that threat: I can ſay Or, as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well, I ſee my words have no effect,
But I may ſend a Meſſage to diſpoſe you.

[*Is going off.*

Dor. Expect an anſwer worthy of that Meſſage.

Muſ. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aſide.*
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

Bend. By Holy Alha, I conjure you ſtay,
And judge not raſhly of ſo brave a Man.

(*Draws the* Emperor *aſide and whiſpers him.*)

I'll give you reaſons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Muſ. Benducar is a fool to bring him off, [*Aſide.*
I'll work my own revenge, and ſpeedily.

Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers hearts are his;
A thouſand Chriſtian Slaves are in the Caſtle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Chriſtians hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he muſt dye.

Bend. He ſhall; by poyſon:
'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as Hell fire: —— then, to prevent his Soldiers
From riſing to revenge their Gen'rals death,

While

While he is ſtruggling with his Mortal pangs,
The Rabble on the ſudden may be rais'd
to ſeize the Caſtle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he obſerves.
(*They whiſper again.*)

Dor. What will the Fav'rite prop my falling fortunes,
O Prodigie of Court! [*Aſide.*

Emperor and Benducar *return to* Dorax.

Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too haſty to condemn unheard,
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the Majeſty of Kings,
I ask excuſe.

Dor. I'm ſure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did: — this to our love renew'd. —
[Emperor *drinks.*
Benducar fill to *Dorax.*
[Benducar *turns and mixes a powder in it.*

Dor. Let it go round for all of us have need
To quench our heats; 'tis the Kings health *Benducar.* —
[*He drinks.*
And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere poyſon.

Bend. Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*
And you have pledg'd, is ſacred to your loves. —

Muſ. Since Charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendſhip: and heav'n bleſs it
As I intend it well. ———

Drinks; and turning aſide pours ſome drops out of a little Vial into the Bowl; then preſents it to Dorax.

Dor. Heav'n make thee honeſt,
On that condition we ſhall ſoon be friends. — [*Drinks.*

Muſ. Yes, at our meeting in another World ; [*Aſide.*
For thou haſt drunk thy paſsport out of this.
Not the Nonacrian fount, nor Lethe's Lake,
Cou'd ſooner numb thy nimble faculties
Than this, to ſleep eternal.
Emp. Now farewel *Dorax* ; this was our firſt quarrel,
And I dare propheſie will prove our laſt.

Exit Emperor *with* Benducar *and the* Muſti.

Dor. It may be ſo: I'm ſtrangely diſcompos'd ;
Quick ſhootings through my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, Convulſions in my nerves,
Shiv'rings of cold, and burnings of my entrails
Within my little World make medley War,
Loſe and regain, beat and are beaten back ;
As momentary Victors quit their ground.
Can it be poyſon! poyſon's of one tenour,
Or hot or cold ; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, ſome enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry Clime ;
Affrick, the Scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all Court-ſervice learn the common lot ;
To day 'tis done, to morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh were that all! my honeſt Corps muſt lye
Expos'd to ſcorn, and publick Infamy :
My ſhameful Death will be divulg'd alone ;
The worth and honour of my Soul unknown.

[*Exit.*

Scene

Scene 2. *Is a Night Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden where an Arbour is diſcover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. SHE names her ſelf *Morayma*; the *Mufti*'s only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the time and place that ſhe appointed in her letter, yet ſhe comes not. Why thou ſweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy delay! dar'ſt thou be falſe to thy Aſſignation? What, in the cool and ſilence of the night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for inſtructing thee ſo little in the ſweeteſt point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the ruſtling of her Silk Mantle. Now ſhe comes; now ſhe comes; no, hang't, that was but the whiſtling of the wind through the *Orange* Trees. Now again, I hear the pit a pat of a pretty foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken looſe and munching upon the Melons:—— Oh the miſery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en deſpair, go into my Arbour, and try to ſleep; in a dream I ſhall enjoy her in deſpight of her. [*Goes into the Arbour and lyes down.*

Enter Johayma *wrapt up in a Mooriſh Mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my love has carry'd me, almoſt without my knowledg whither I was going: Shall I go on, ſhall I diſcover my ſelf! —— What an injury am I doing to my old Husband! — Yet what injury, ſince he's old, and has three Wives and ſix Concubines beſides me! 'Tis but ſtealing my own Tythe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Antonio *raiſing himſelf a little and looking.*

At laſt 'tis ſhe: this is no illuſion I am ſure; 'tis a true She-devil of Fleſh and Blood; and ſhe cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me. ——

Joh. He's young and handſome. ——

Ant. Yes, well enough I thank nature. [*Aſide.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: ſure he will not refuſe me.

Ant. No, thou mayſt pawn thy Maiden-head upon't he wonnot. [*Aſide.*

Joh. The *Muſti* wou'd feaſt himſelf upon other Women, and keep me faſting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! [*Aſide.*

Joh. Wou'd Preach abſtinence, and practice luxury! but I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his example than his precept.

Anton. Moſt divinely argu'd; ſhe's the beſt Caſuiſt in all *Affrick.* [*Aſide.*

He ruſhes out and embraces her.

I can hold no longer from embracing thee my dear *Morayma:* the old unconſcionable Whorſon thy Father, cou'd he expect cold chaſtity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh. What nonſenſe do you talk? do you take me for the *Muſti's* Daughter?

Ant. Why are you not Madam?

[*throwing off her* Barnus.

Joh. I find you had an appointment with *Morayma.*

Ant. By all that's good, the nauſeous Wife. [*Aſide.*

Joh. What you are confounded and ſtand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluſt I confeſs; to hear you deny your name ſo poſitively; why are not you *Morayma* the *Muſti's* Daughter? Did not I ſee you with him, did not he preſent me to you? Were you not ſo charitable as to give me Money? Ay and to tread upon my foot, and ſqueeze my hand too, if I may be ſo bold to remember you of paſt favours.

Joh. And you ſee I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Muſti's* Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am ſure he is old enough to be your Father: and either Father, or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

Joh. Once

Johayma, Once again, how came you to name *Morayma*?

Ant. Another damn'd miſtake of mine: For, asking one of my fellow Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the houſe; he anſwer'd me *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but ſhe it ſeems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say your beloved Miſtris, if you pleaſe; for that's the Title I deſire. This Moon-ſhine grows offenſive to my Eyes, come, ſhall we walk into the Arbor? There we may rectifie all miſtakes.

Ant. That's cloſe and dark.

Joh. And are thoſe faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot pleaſe my ſelf, with the ſight of your beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air ſtirring.

Joh. The breath of Lovers is the ſweeteſt air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am conſidering, indeed, that if I am taken with you.—

Joh. The beſt way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be diſcover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Juſt againſt the face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has ſeen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make ſo many Difficulties, I fear I am diſpleaſing to you.

Ant. aſide. If *Morayma* comes and takes me in the Arbor with her, I have made a fine exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fall'n off, let me tell you, from the fury of your firſt embrace.

Ant. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat too furious at firſt, but you will forgive the tranſport of my paſſion; now I have conſider'd it better, I have a qualm of Conſcience.

Joh. Of Conſcience! Why, what has Conſcience to do with two young Lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly Conſcience is ſomething to blame for interpoſing in our matters: But how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Maſter?

Joh.

Joh. There muſt be ſomething more in it; for your Conſcience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma.*

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter: For then I might have made you an honorable amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Chriſtians are ſuch peeking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moon-ſhine.

Ant. And you Affricans are ſuch Termagants, you ſtop at nothing. I muſt be plain with you, you are married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: Go back to your Chamber, go back, I ſay, and conſider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the ſweet Devil may have more power over me: I am true fleſh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Fleſh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fiſhes. But I'll teach thee, to thy coſt, what Vengeance is in ſtore for refuſing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love: ——Help, Help, there; will no body come to my aſſiſtance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam, for Heaven's ſake peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deſerv'ſt no pity: Help, Help, Husband, or I ſhall be raviſh'd: The Villain will be too ſtrong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor diſtreſſed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to aſſiſt me: I muſt drown her clamor what e'er comes on't.

He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can poſſibly, and ſhe continues crying out.

Enter the Mufti *in his Night-gown, and two Servants.*

Mufti, O thou Villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What raviſhing the Wife of my Boſom? Take him away,

away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of ſuch a Monſter.

[*Servants ſeize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear Maſter, Mercy: Hear me firſt, and after, if I have deſerved hanging, ſpare me not: What have you ſeen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muſti. I have heard the out-crys of my Wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: Seen nothing, ſay'ſt thou? If I ſee the Lamb lye bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that evidence ſufficient of the Murther? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reaſon, Sir, is a Man to be put to death for a ſimiſitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: The Lamb's alive; and if I durſt tell you ſo, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'ſt thou accuſe me?

Ant. Be patient Madam, and ſpeak but truth, and I'll do any thing to ſerve you: I ſay again, and ſwear it too, I'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Joh. aſide. I underſtand him; but I fear, 'tis now too late to ſave him:——Pray hear him ſpeak, Husband; perhaps he may ſay ſomething for himſelf; I know not.

Muſti, Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honor?

Joh. I forgive him freely; for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me ſatisfaction, himſelf beſt knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, ſweet Madam: I ſhall refuſe no drudgery.

Muſ. But, did he mean no miſchief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conſcience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muſ. 'Tis impoſſible: Then what meant all thoſe out-crys?

Joh. I heard Muſick in the Garden, and at an unſeaſonable time of night; and I ſtole ſoftly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muſ. How's that *Johayma?* Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh.

Joh. Why not, my Lord? Am not I the Mistris of the Family? And is it not my place to see good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd some of the Shee-slaves to him; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his arms, with such a fury.——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him.——

Joh. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my self, and cry'd aloud: But as soon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some Serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou corrupter of my Family, that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended Trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred Crowns I take it.—

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum: He shall not dye, tho he had committed folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortifie your flesh, and consider in whose Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. aside. For all her smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousie; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit* Mufti *with* Johayma *and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly Counsel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor Sin lyes dormant, Concupiscence is retir'd to his winter

ter quarters; and if *Morayma* ſhou'd now appear, I ſay no more, but alas for her and me!

(Morayma *comes out of the Arbour; ſhe ſteals behind him, and claps him on the back.*)

Morayma, And if *Morayma* ſhou'd appear, as ſhe does appear, alas you ſay for her and you!

Antonio, Art thou there, my ſweet temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my all!

Morayma, A mighty Complement, when all theſe, by your own Confeſſion, are juſt nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou cam'ſt to new create me; thou doſt not know the power of thy own Charms: let me embrace thee, and thou ſhalt ſee how quickly I can turn wicked.

Morayma ſtepping back. Nay, if you are ſo dangerous, 'tis beſt keeping you at a diſtance; I have no mind to warm a frozen Snake in my boſom; he may chance to recover, and ſting me for my pains.

Ant. Conſider what I have ſuffer'd for thy ſake already; and make me ſome amends: two diſappointments in a night, O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your ſelf for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my time, through the back walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a freſh-water Soldier, ſtood guarding the Paſs before: if you miſs'd the Enemy, you may thank your own dulneſs.

Anton. Nay, if you will be uſing ſtratagems, you ſhall give me leave to make uſe of my advantages, now I have you in my power: we are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no quarter.

Mor. By your favour, Sir, we meet upon treaty now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you ſhall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma:* Any thing to ſerve you Madam; I ſhall refuſe no drudgery: whoſe words were thoſe.

Gentleman? was that like a Cavalier of honour?

Anton. Not very heroick; but self preservation is a point above Honour and Religion too ——— *Antonio* was a Rogue I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your life so basely; and to present your Sword to your Enemy; Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the blast: Come, don't make your self worse natur'd than you are: to save my life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma?*

Mor. No; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I must have all of you; heart for heart is an equal truck. In short, I am younger; I think handsomer; and am sure I love you better, she has been my step-mother these fifteen years: you think that's her face you see, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard: she wears an Armour of proof upon't: an inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash: her Face is so fortifi'd that you can make no approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort, she will love till death, I mean till yours: for when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy memory in her favours. She has made my pious Father a three pil'd Cuckold to my knowledg: and now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at least take the shearing of me first.

Mor. No; I'll have a Butchers Pen'worth of you; first secure the Carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

Ant. Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this trouble, for a dry come off: by this hand ---- (taking it:)

Mor. Which you shall never touch; but upon better assurances than you imagine. (*Pulling her hand away.*)

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall: but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness: there's love enough to be had, and as much as you

you can turn you to; never doubt it, but all upon honourable terms.

Ant. I vow and ſwear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be truſted in any: he has another name too, of a worſe ſound. Shall I truſt an Oath, when I ſee your Eyes languiſhing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? no, I'll not come near you: He's a fooliſh Phyſitian who will feel the pulſe of a Patient, that has the Plague-ſpots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet, argue ſo perverſly againſt ſo good a Cauſe! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd feign be fingring your Rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill Husband ever after. Conſider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you ſhall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you ſhall find a hard task on't, to make even at the years end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Chriſtian intention, to revenge my ſelf upon thy Father; for being the head of a falſe Religion.

Mor. And ſo you ſhall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: but ſince you are ſo preſſing, meet me under my Window, to morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll ſlip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my hand.

Ant. How, thy Father!

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole contents, his heart, and Soul; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his Alchoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Poſtern gate, with two Horſes ready ſadled: no more, for I fear, I may be miſs'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me,—— if you have conſtancy and Courage. ——

Ant. Never doubt it: and love, in abundance to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns in a Caſket!——

Ant. A heavy burden Heaven knows! but we muſt pray for patience to ſupport it.

Mor. Beſides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you:— Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to ſhew I am in Charity— (*He kiſſes her.*)

Ant. Once more, for pity; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No; frequent Charities make bold Beggars: and beſides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly: that's enough —— but if you will be nibling, here's a hand to ſtay your ſtomach. (*Kiſſing her hand.*)

Anton. Thus Conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may ceaſe,
Are forc'd to give their hands, and ſign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Chriſtians are outwitted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
If you releaſe my hand, the fault's not mine;
You ſhou'd have made me ſeal, as well as ſign.

She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.

Act IV.

Scene 1. Benducar's *Pallace in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the colour of my life, *(Solus.*
My all depends on this important hour:
This hour my Lott is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have puſh'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant muſt not raviſh her:
He and *Sebaſtian* ſtand betwixt my hopes;
He moſt; and therefore firſt to be diſpatch'd.
Theſe and a thouſand things are to be done
In the ſhort compaſs of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emiſſaries yet return'd.

Enter Haly— Firſt Servant.

Oh *Haly*, thou haſt held me long in pain.
What haſt thou learnt of *Dorax*? is he dead?
Haly. Two hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All doors are ſhut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with ſtriding haſt paſs'd in,
While others outward went on quick diſpatch;
Sometimes huſh'd ſilence ſeem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And ſhot like thwarting Meteors croſs the houſe:
Not daring farther to enquire: I came
With ſpeed, to bring you this imperfect news.

Bend.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, ſummon'd to take their leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and ſit in Council,
What thoſe Caballing Captains may deſign,
I muſt prevent,
By being firſt in Action.
To *Muley Zeydan* fly with ſpeed, deſire him
To take my laſt inſtructions; tell th' importance
And haſt his preſence here. (*Exit* Haly.
How has this Poiſon loſt its wonted way?
It ſhou'd have burnt its paſſage, not have linger'd
In the blind Labyrinths and crooked turnings
Of human Compoſition; now it moves
Like a ſlow Fire that works againſt the Wind,
As if his ſtronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter Hamet.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
From *Muſtafa*, what Meſſage?
Hamet, What you wiſh:
The ſtreets are thicker in this noon of Night:
Than at the Mid-day Sun: a drowzy horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like fear not well awake,
All crowd in heaps, as at a Night Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each others backs,
T' imboſs their Hives in cluſters; all ask news:
Their buſie Captain runs the weary round
To whiſper Orders; and commanding ſilence
Makes not noiſe ceaſe; but deafens it to murmurs.
Bend. Night waſts apace: when, when will he appear?
Hamet, He only waits your Summons.
Bend. Haſt their coming.
Let ſecrecy and ſilence be enjoin'd
In their cloſe march: what news from the Lieutenant?
Hamet, I left him at the Gate, firm to your Intereſt,
T' admit the Townſmen at their firſt appearance.

Bend.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: go haſten *Muſtafa.*

(*Exit* Ham.

Enter Orchan *the Third Servant.*

O, *Orchan,* did I think thy diligence
Wou'd lag behind the reſt? what from the *Mufti?*
Orchan, I ſought him round his Palace; made enquiry
Of all the Slaves: in ſhort, I us'd your name
And urg'd th' importance home; but had for anſwer
That ſince the ſhut of Evening none had ſeen him.
Bend. O the curſt fate of all Conſpiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail
The reſtiff *Machine* ſtops. — In an ill hour he's abſent;
'Tis the firſt time, and ſure will be the laſt
That e'er a *Mufti* was not in the way,
When Tumult and Rebellion ſhou'd be broach'd.
Stay by me; thou art reſolute and faithful;
I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. (*Walks.*

Enter Muley Zeydan.

Muley Zeyd. You ſee me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the Courſer for the Race:
Is all in readineſs?
Bend. All but the *Mufti.*
Mul. Zeyd. We muſt go on without him.
Bend. True we muſt;
For 'tis ill ſtopping in the full Career,
How e'er the leap be dangerous and wide.
Orchan looking out. I ſee the blaze of Torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick beating feet;
This way they move.
Bend. No doubt the Emperour.
We muſt not be ſurpriz'd in Conference.
Truſt to my management the Tyrants death;

And

And haſt your ſelf to join with *Muſtafa*.
The Officer who guards the Gate is yours;
When you have gain'd that Paſs, divide your Force;
Your ſelf in Perſon head one choſen half,
And march t' oppreſs the Faction in Conſult
With dying *Dorax:* Fate has driv'n 'em all
Into the Net: you muſt be bold and ſudden:
Spare none, and if you find him ſtrugling yet
With pangs of Death, truſt not his rowling Eyes
And heaving gaſps; for Poiſon may be falſe,
The home-thruſt of a friendly Sword is ſure.

Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct: they ſhall be ſurpriz'd;
Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
At Morn I'll take her in.———

Bend. Here lies your way,
You meet your Brother there.

Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet:
For, like the Twins of *Leda*, when I mount
He gallops down the Skies.———

Exit Muley Zeyd.

Bend. He comes: now Heart
Be rib'd with Iron for this one attempt:
Set ope thy Sluces, ſend the vigorous bloud
Through every active Limb for my relief:
Then, take thy reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Enter Muley Moluch *and Guards attending him.*

Mul. Mol. What news of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax?*
Is he no more? ſay that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whoſe parting Soul is lab'ring at the Lips.

Mul. Mol. The People, are they rais'd?

Bend. And Marſhall'd too;
Juſt ready for the March.

Mul. Mol. Then I'm at eaſe.

Bend.

Bend. The Night is yours, the glitt'ring Hoaſt of Heav'n
Shines but for you; but moſt the Star of Love,
That twinckles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed.
Oh there's a joy, to melt in her embrace,
Diſſolve in pleaſures;
And make the gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they cou'd not dye.
But haſte, and make 'em yours.

Mul. Mol. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flyes under her own pitch;
Like Fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if ſhe were a body in a body,
And not a mounting ſubſtance made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupifi'd,
Their edge rebated; ſure ſome ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere Fancies all.
Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body,
And drunk ſo deep a Draught of promis'd bliſs,
She ſlumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feaſt.

Mul. Mol. It may be ſo; it looks ſo like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapors are exhal'd,
And ſome o'er-pow'ring God continues ſleep.
'Twas then methought *Almeyda*, ſmiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race,
Whom in the rage of Empire I had murther'd.
But now, no longer Foes, they gave me Joy
Of my new Conqueſt, and with helping hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bend. Good Omen, Sir, I wiſh you in that Heaven
Your Dream portends you.
Which preſages death.—— [*Aſide.*

Mul. Mol. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought didſt puſh me from below,
With thy full force to Paradiſe.
Bend. Yet better.
Mul. Mol. Ha! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you Sir?
Mul. Mol. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.
Bend. With Pray'rs and Wiſhes;
For I dare ſwear him honeſt.
Mul. Mol. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.
Bend. You forget,
The Face wou'd pleaſe you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
Mul. Mol. I'll head my People;
Then think of dalliance, when the danger's o'er.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.
Bend. You debaſe your ſelf,
To think of mixing with th' ignoble Herd.
Let ſuch perform the ſervile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy.
What ſhall the People know their God-like Prince
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmiſh? Stole a Conqueſt,
Headed a Rabble, and profan'd his Perſon, "
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a tide of Ordure, "
And ſtifled with their rank offenſive Sweat?
Mul. Mol. I am off again: I will not proſtitute
The Regal Dignity ſo far, to head 'em.
Bend. There ſpoke a King.
Diſmiſs your Guards to be employ'd elſewhere
In ruder Combats: You will want no Seconds
In thoſe Alarms you ſeek.
Mul. Mol. Go joyn the Crowd; [*to the Guards.*
Benducar, thou ſhalt lead 'em, in my place. [*Exeunt Guards.*
The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires

Into

Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet
Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;
Passing she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying Fair;
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. [*Exit* Mul. Mol.

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easie now, his Guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the Throne.
All after Acts are sanctify'd by pow'r.

Orchan. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And shall reward thy Faith: This Master Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Person:
And shou'd we miss our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat: Leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the *Mufti*'s Garden Gate,
Which is his private passage to the Palace;
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now sleep ye Stars
That silently o'erwatch the fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.

[*Exit with* Orcha

A Night Scene of the Mufti's *Garden.*

Enter the Mufti *alone, in a Slave's habit, like that of* Antonio.

Mufti, This 'tis to have a sound Head-piece; by this I h. got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honestly speaking teach others what I neither know nor believe my self. F

what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this night: I have mew'd up my ſuſpected Spouſe in her Chamber. No more Embaſſies to that luſty young Stallion of a Gardiner. Next my habit of a Slave; I have made my ſelf as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigor; which when I had, I paſs'd my time as well as any of my Holy Predeceſſors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, if *Johayma* look out, ſhe will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I ſhall know what Concupiſcence is working in her; ſhe cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my ſafety; but if ſhe peep, if ſhe put her Noſe abroad, there's demonſtration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the firſt precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma *running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conſcience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didſt thou know me in this diſguiſe? And what Pearls and Jewels doſt thou mean?

Mor. going back.——What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma?*

Mor. I think you'll make me ſo.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy ſelf, and ſpeak ſenſe to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worſt of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten ſuch a Monſter? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a maſs of Wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the Spoils of Orphans are in theſe Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in theſe Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazeſt me!

Mor. I

Mor. I wou'd do ſo. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Muftiſhip, converted into Diamonds.

Muf. Wou'd ſome rich raylıng Rogue would ſay as much to me, that I might ſqueeze his Purſe for ſcandal.

Mor. No Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Raylers, when you inſinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies when they dye. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your Theft? I diſcharge my Conſcience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and reſtore it you had beſt to the true Owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be ſo: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be diſguis'd like a Slave, and eves-dropping under the Womens Windows, to be ſaluted, as you deſerve it richly, with a Piſs-pot: If I had not known you caſually by your ſhambling gate, and a certain reverend awkardneſs that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own Servants; who have been in ſearch of you through your whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muf. Prithee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the pitch and ſpots of the World that are ſtill ſticking on me; but I hope to ſcour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'ſt; I am not the Man thou tak'ſt me for.

Mor. No, to my ſorrow Sir you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning, tho methought, to ſee thee come running in upon me with ſuch a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am ſure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a cloſe Embrace?

Mor.

Mor. No indeed; for my Mother in Law complains, that you are paſt teaching: But if you miſtook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wiſh heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be now: Take the Treaſure again, it can never be put into better hands.

Mor. Yes, to my knowledg but it might. I have confeſs'd my Soul to you, if you can underſtand me rightly; I never diſobey'd you till this night, and now ſince through the violence of my Paſſion, I have been ſo unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your bleſſing, and your leave, that upon the firſt opportunity I may go for ever from your ſight; for Heaven knows, I never deſire to ſee you more.

Muf. Wiping his Eyes. Thou mak'ſt me weep at thy unkindneſs; indeed dear Daughter we will not part.

Mor. Indeed dear Daddy but we will.

Muf. Why if I have been a little pilfering, or ſo, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; ſince it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without offence to his own Child: Here take the jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in vertue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I wou'd have you think ſo.

Muf. How thy good nature works upon me; well I can do no leſs than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to riſe to Night.

Enter Antonio *in an* Affrican *rich habit.*

Ant. What do you mean my Dear, to ſtand talking in this ſuſpicious place, juſt underneath *Johayma*'s Window? (to the *Mufti*) You are well met Comerade, I know you are the friend of our flight? are the horſes ready at the poſtern gate?

Muf.

Muſ. Antonio, and in diſguiſe! now I begin to ſmell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-ſtinks it; falſe *Morayma*, haſt thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my ſelf: He came diſguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his hands.

Muſ. In good time you did ſo; I laid a trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worſe Vermine has caught himſelf in it: you wou'd fain break looſe now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my comfort.

[Antonio, *taking him by the throat.*

No; I have a trick left to put thee paſt thy ſqueeking: I have giv'n thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue ſhall Preach no more falſe Doctrin.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? conſider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide firſt for our own ſafety; if I do not conſider him, he will conſider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my ſake give him back a little cranny of his Wind-pipe, and ſome part of Speech.

Ant. Not ſo much as one ſingle Interjection: Come away Father-in-Law, this is no place for Dialogues, when you are in the Moſque you talk by hours, and there no Man muſt interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.

[*He ſtruggles.*

Nay if you will be hanging back, I ſhall take care you ſhall hang forward.

(*Pulls him along the Stage; with his Sword at his reins.*)

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haſt before we are diſcover'd.

Ant.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil uſage; he deſerves not ſo much favour by any action of his life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Miſtreſs.

Ant. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in ſilence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Joh. At the Balcony. — A Bird in a Cage may peep at leaſt; though ſhe muſt not fly; what buſtle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my hopes, I know him by his habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and haſting hence? this is no time for ſilence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servants, why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Haſſan* and the reſt, make haſt and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and ſtop 'em.

[Antonio *turning back.*

O that Schriech Owl at the Window! we ſhall be purſu'd immediatly; which way ſhall we take?

(Morayma *giving him the Casket.*)

'Tis impoſſible to eſcape them; for the way to our Horſes lyes back again by the Houſe; and then we ſhall meet 'em full in the teeth; here take theſe Jewels; thou may'ſt leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then poor kind Soul?

Mor. I muſt take my fortune; when you are got ſafe into your own Country, I hope you will beſtow a ſigh on the memory of her who lov'd you!

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be loſt betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; beſides I ſhou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy Fathers ſins about me, thou and they had been a bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll ſerve to make thy peace with him.

Mor.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; ſhift for your ſelf at leaſt; remember I am yours for ever.

(*Servants crying this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*)

Ant. And I but the empty ſhadow of my ſelf without thee! farewel Father-in-Law, that ſhou'd have been, if I had not been curſt in my Mothers belly — Now which way fortune. —

(*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*)

Servants within. Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.

Ant. O here's a gate open; but it leads into the Caſtle; yet I muſt venture it. [*Going out.*

(A ſhout behind the Scenes where *Antonio* is going out)

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight! —— however 'tis good herding in a Crowd.

[*Runs out.*

(Mufti *runs to* Morayma *and lays hold on her, then ſnatches away the Casket.*)

Muf. Now, to do things in order, firſt I ſeize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my fleſh and blood, but theſe are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my fleſh and blood, and keep to your ſelf your Life and Soul.

Muf. Both or none; come away to durance.

Mor. Well, if it muſt be ſo, agreed; for I have another trick to play you; and thank your ſelf for what ſhall follow.

[*Enter Servants.*

Joh. From above. One of them took through the private way into the Caſtle; follow him be ſure, for theſe are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly *Omar Abedin*; I have hold on the Villain that ſtole my jewels; but 'tis a luſty Rogue, and he will prove too ſtrong for me; what, help I ſay, do you not know your Maſters Daughter?

Muſ. Now if I cry out they will know my voice; and then I am diſgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begetting. [*The Servants ſeize him.*

Firſt Servant. What a glorious deliverance have you had Madam from this bloody-minded Chriſtian!

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be puniſh'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot. (*Takes the Jewels and runs out after* Antonio *at the ſame Paſſage.*)

Firſt Servant. I long to be handſelling his hide, before we bring him to my Maſter.

Second Servant. Hang him, for an old Covetous Hypocrite: he deſerves a worſe puniſhment himſelf for keeping us ſo hardly.

Firſt Servant. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villains place; thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus.

[*Beats him.*

Second Servant. And thus wou'd I revenge my ſelf of my laſt beating,

(*He beats him too, and then the reſt.*)

Muſ. Oh, oh, oh!

Firſt Servant. Now ſuppoſing you were the *Muſti*, Sir, —

[*Beats him again.*

Muſ. The Devil's in that ſuppoſing Raſcal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Muſti*: Now ſuppoſe your ſelves my Servants, and hold your hands; an anointed halter take you all.

Firſt Servant. My Maſter! you will pardon the exceſs of our zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and ſo we us'd you.

Muſti. Ay ſo I feel you did; my back and ſides are abundant teſtimonies of your zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter: run I ſay.

They

(They run to the Gate and the first Servant runs back again.)

First Servant. Sir, the Caſtle is in a moſt terrible combuſtion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muſ. 'Tis a laudable commotion: The voice of the Mobile is the voice of Heaven. I muſt retire a little, to ſtrip me of the Slave, and to aſſume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: for the piety of the People muſt be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

Exit Mufti *and Servants.*

Scene changes to the Caſtle-yard, and diſcovers Antonio Muſtafa, *and the Rabble ſhouting, they come forward.*

Ant. And ſo at length, as I inform'd you, I eſcap'd out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illuſtrious feet for my protection.

Muſt. Thou ſhalt have it, and now defie the *Mufti.* 'Tis the firſt Petition that has been made to me ſince my exaltation to Tumult; in this ſecond Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am ſettled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am reſolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compaſs it before, and had deſign'd you a Casket of my Maſters jewels too; for I knew the Cuſtom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Perſon, as you are, without a preſent: But he has defrauded my good intentions, and baſely robb'd you of 'em, 'tis a prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of mark about you.

Muſt. I ſhall make bold with his Treaſure, for the ſupport of my New Government. [*The People gather about him.* What do theſe vile Ragga-muffins ſo near our Perſon? your ſavour is offenſive to us; bear back there, and make room for honeſt Men to approach us; theſe fools and knaves are always im-

pudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deſerving, bear back I ſay.

[*They make a wider Circle.*

That's dutifully done; now ſhout to ſhow your Loyalty. (*A great ſhout.*) Hear'ſt thou that, Slave *Antonio*? theſe obſtreperous Villains ſhout, and know not for what they make a noiſe. You ſhall ſee me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beaſts they are. For whom do you ſhout now? who's to Live and Reign? tell me that the wiſeſt of you.

Firſt Rabble. Even who you pleaſe Captain.

Muſt. La you there; I told you ſo.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our buſineſs is only to riſe upon command, and plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the Richeſt of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Muſt. This laſt Fellow is a little more ſenſible than the reſt; he has enter'd ſomewhat into the merits of the Cauſe.

Firſt Rabble. If a poor Man may ſpeak his mind, I think, Captain, that your ſelf are the fitteſt to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediatly under the People; and thereupon I ſay, *A Muſtafa, A Muſtafa.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muſtafa, A Muſtafa.*

Muſt. I muſt confeſs the ſound is pleaſing, and tickles the ears of my Ambition; but alas good People, it muſt not be: I am contented to be a poor ſimple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I ſhall take care to inſtruct him in the arts of Government; and in his duty to us all; and therefore mark my Cry: *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

(*All Cry*) *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

Muſt. You ſee Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Antonio. I obſerve your Modeſty.

Muſt. But for a fooliſh promiſe I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to ſet up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter

(*Re-enter the* Mufti *with his Servants.*)

Ant. Here's the Old Hypocrite again; now ſtand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and Glorious Jewels; they are deſtin'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

Muſt. Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

(Mufti, *making up to the Mobile.*)

Good People, here you are met together.

Firſt Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling, but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to ſee one another in the Dark; and to make Holy-day at Midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Muſulmen; to ſettle the Nation; for I muſt tell you, that though your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What ſtuff he talks!

Muſt. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare tongue; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock of Elephant!

Ant. Aſide. What a Block have I to work upon, [*To him.* But ſtill remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

Muſt. Nay that's true on t'other ſide: the Jewels muſt be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conſcience goes along with him, but the Jewels have ſet my heart againſt him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is moſt manifeſt; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our decay of Trade; I have ſeen for theſe hunder'd years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Mufti. He is now upon the point of Marrying himſelf, without your Sovereign conſent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

Third Rabble. A ſcoulding, domineering Wife, if ſhe prove honeſt; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and ſpends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Mufti. No, the natural effects of Marriage are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget theſe Children? Even upon a Chriſtian! Oh horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to ſwear it upon the *Alcoran*! Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muſt. That's fine, in earneſt; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember.——

Muſt. Ay, Ay, the Jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my Conſcience makes me liſten to him.

Mufti, Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Anceſtors; remember the Majeſty of the People; remember your ſelves, your Wives and Children; and laſtly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mahomet*; all theſe require your timous aſſiſtance; ſhall I ſay they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the neareſt and deareſt Tyes of theſe three P's Self-Preſervation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now anſwer me with an unanimous chearful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader to a glorious Deliverance.

(*All cry, A* Mufti, *A* Mufti, *and are following him off the Stage.*)

Ant. Now you ſee what comes of your fooliſh Qualms of Conſcience: The Jewels are loſt, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What am I forſaken of my Subjects? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deſerters; and hear me ſpeak.

1*ſt. Rabble,* What will he come with his Balderdaſh, after the *Mufti*'s eloquent Oration?

2*d. Rabble,*

2d. *Rabble*, He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes, Speak Captain, for we will hear you.

Muſt. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of Houſes, your rummaging of Cellars, your demoliſhing of Chriſtian Temples, and bearing off in triumph the ſuperſtitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were ſentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was ſeiz'd? Anſwer firſt for your remembrance, of all theſe ſweetneſſes of Mutiny; for upon thoſe Grounds I ſhall proceed.

Omnes, Yes we do remember, we do remember.

Muſt. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to thoſe Hony-Combs? Your *Mufti?* No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durſt not lead you; he was but your Counſellor, but I was your Captain; he only lood you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes, That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Muſt. I think I was, Slave *Antonio.* Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent.—Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Mufti?* Or a *Mufti* for your Captain? And further to inſtruct you how to Cry, Will you have a *Mufti*, or no Mufti?

Omnes, No *Mufti*, no *Mufti.*

Muſt. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio.*—
Do I then ſpet upon your Faces? Do I diſcourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundering? You may think I do, Believers, but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all theſe laudable Undertakings; you ſhall plunder, you ſhall pull down the Government; but you ſhall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Inſtigation.

3d. *Rabble*, Nay, when his turn is ſerv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Reſtitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

1ſt. *Rabble*, He may indeed; for 'tis but his ſaying 'tis Sin, and then we muſt reſtore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion,

ligion, where half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt mollifi'd, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes, Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet*'s own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfi'd 'till then, and you ſhall have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the Mufti.

Ant. And good reaſon; for when Kings and Queens are to be diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes, He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Muſt. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, 'tis but juſtice they ſhou'd have the firſt fruits of it.—Slave *Antonio*, take him into cuſtody; and do'ſt thou hear, Boy, be ſure to ſecure the little tranſitory Box of Jewels: If he be obſtinate, put a civil Queſtion to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueaks I warrant him.

Ant. ſeizing the Muſti. Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Mufti, I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to torture me, we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Muſti*, not forgetting my firſt Quarrel to you, we will enter our ſelves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to ſanctifie a Work, and begin a God's name.

1ſt. Rabble, Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the laſt *Mob.*

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand*; Benducar's *Slave follows with* Muly-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt.

Not ſo much haſt Maſters; come back again: you are ſo bent upon miſchief, that you take a man upon the firſt word of Plunder. Here's a ſight for you: the Emperour is come upon his head to viſit you. [*Bowing*] Moſt Noble Emperour, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all ſhout.*]

[Benducar *to* Almeyda *apart.* Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
In being mine: refuſe not proffer'd Love
that brings a Crown.

[Almeyda *to* [*him.* I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my thoughts.

Bend. to her. On that I build.——(*He comes up to the Rabble.*)
Joy to the People for the Tyrants Death!
Oppreſſion, Rapine, Baniſhment and Bloud
Are now no more; but ſpeechleſs as that tongue
That lyes for ever ſtill.
How is my grief divided with my joy,
When I muſt own I kill'd him! bid me ſpeak,
For not to bid me, is to diſallow
What for your ſakes is done.

Muſtafa. In the name of the People we command you ſpeak: But that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a likeing to her Perſon, be not afraid Lady to ſpeak to theſe rude Ragga-muffians: there's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their ſtink, and pleaſe you. [*Making a Legg.*

Almeyda. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak who am your Queen?
My peacefull Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjoy'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the name of *Affricans.*
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*aſide*

Almeyda. I was not born ſo baſe, to flatter Crowds,
And move your pitty by a whining tale:
Your Tyrant would have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th' attempt of that foul brutal Act,
Theſe Loyall Slaves ſecur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Ben.

ligion, where half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt mollifi'd, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes, Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfi'd 'till then, and you ſhall have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the Mufti.

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Ant. And good reaſon; for when King [illegible] diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any lo[illegible]

Omnes, He is depos'd, he is depos'd, [illegible]

Muſt. Nay, if he and his Clergy will [illegible] Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, [illegible] ſhou'd have the firſt fruits of it.—Slave [illegible] cuſtody; and doſt thou hear, Boy, be ſt[illegible] tranſitory Box of Jewels: If he be obſtinat[illegible] to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueaks I w[illegible]

Ant. ſeizing the Muſti. Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Muſti, I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to torture me, we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Muſti*, not forgetting my firſt Quarrel to you, we will enter our ſelves with the Plunder of your Palace: 'tis good to ſanctifie a Work, and begin a God's name.

1*ſt. Rabble*, Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the laſt *Mob*.

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand*; Benducar's *Slave follows with* Muly-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt.

Not ſo much haſt Maſters; come back again: you are ſo bent upon miſchief, that you take a man upon the firſt word of Plunder. Here's a ſight for you: the Emperour is come upon his head to viſit you. [*Bowing*] Moſt Noble Emperour, now
will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you
we can tell you to your face, that we have exalt-
[*They all ſhout.*]
to Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
part. In being mine: refuſe not proffer'd Love
that brings a Crown.
to I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my thoughts.
On that I build.——(*He comes up to the Rabble.*)
People for the Tyrants Death!
, Rapine, Baniſhment and Bloud
o more; but ſpeechleſs as that tongue
or ever ſtill.
grief divided with my joy,
ſt own I Kill'd him! bid me ſpeak,
id me, is to diſallow
your ſakes is done.

Muſtafa. In the name of the People we command you ſpeak: But that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a likeing to her Perſon, be not afraid Lady to ſpeak to theſe rude Ragga-muffians: there's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their ſtink, and pleaſe you. [*Making a Legg.*

Almeyda. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak who am your Queen?
My peacefull Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjoy'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the name of *Affricans.*
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*aſide*

Almeyda. I was not born ſo baſe, to flatter Crowds,
And move your pitty by a whining tale:
Your Tyrant would have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th' attempt of that foul brutal Act,
Theſe Loyall Slaves ſecur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Ben.

Bend. Makes she no more of me then of a Slave? [*aside.*
Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*to* Alm.
To frame a Speech more suiting to the times:
The Circumstances of that dire design,
Your own despair, my unexpected ayd,
my Life endanger'd by his bold defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliv'rance,
Were themes that ought not to be slighted o're.

Mustafa. She might have pass'd over all your petty busi-nesses and no great matter: But the Raising of my Rabble is an Exploit of consequence; and not to be mumbled up in silence for all her pertness.

Almeyda. When force invades the gift of Nature, Life,
The eldest Law of nature bids defend: [ours:
And if in that defence, a Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not
Suffice it that he's Dead: all wrongs dye with him;
When he can wrong no more I pardon him:
Thus I absolve my self; and him excuse,
Who sav'd my life, and honour; but praise neither.

Benducar. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay;
But what speak I of payment and reward?
Ungratefull Woman, you are yet no Queen;
Nor more than a proud haughty *Christian* slave:
As such I seize my right. [*going to lay hold on her.*
[Almyda *drawing* Dare not to approach me;
[*a Dagger.* Now *Affricans*,
He shows himself to you; to me he stood
Confest before, and own'd his Insolence
T'espouse my person, and assume the Crown,
Claym'd in my Right: for this he slew your Tyrant;
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse;
Imbas'd your Slavery by his own vileness,
And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:
Then think me not ungratefull, not to share,
Th' Imperial Crown with a presuming Traytor.
He says I am a *Christian*; true I am,
But yet no Slave: If *Christians* can be thought,
Unfit to govern those of other Faith,

'Tis

'Tis left for you to judge.

Benducar. I have not patience; she consumes the time
In Idle talk, and owns her false Belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

[Almeyda *to the People.* No, let me rather dye your sacrifice
Than live his Tryumph;
I throw my self into my Peoples armes;
As you are Men compassionate my wrongs,
And as good men Protect me.

[Antonio *aside* Something must be done to save her.

[*To* Mustafa. This is all address'd to you Sir: She singled you out with her eye, as Commander in chief of the Mobility.

Mustafa. Think'st thou so Slave *Antonio*?

Antonio. Most certainly Sir; and you cannot in honour but protect her, Now look to your hits, and make your fortune.

Mustafa Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrell as I am, till he rais'd himself to power, and consequently to Holyness, by marrying his masters Widow: I am resolved I'le put forward for my self: for why should I be my Lord *Benducars* Fool and Slave, when I may be my own fool and his Master?

Benducar. Take her into possession, *Mustafa.*

Mustafa. That's better Counsell than you meant it: Yes I do take her into possession, and into protection too: what say you, Masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all; One and all.

Benducar. Hast thou betray'd me Traytor?
Mufti speak & mind 'em of Religion. [Mufti *shakes his head.*

Mustafa. Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a cold, with a Sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four: and besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time of day, than to cut one anothers throats about Religion. Our *Mufti* is a Green coat, and the *Christians* is a black coat; and we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep our spoils. [*Drums within and shouts.*

Benducar. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail:
The Conquering Troups of *Muley Zeydan*, come
To crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

Muſtafa. We will have a fair Tryall of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have diſpatch'd with *Muley Zeydan*, your Lordſhip ſhall march in equall proportions of your body, to the four gates of the City; and every Tower ſhall have a Quarter of you, [Antonio *draws them up and takes* Almeyda *by the hand*

[*Shouts again and Drums.*

Enter Dorax *and* Sebaſtian *attended by* Affrican *Soldiers and Portugueſes.* (Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian *run into each others armes and both ſpeak together.*

Seb. and *Alm.* My *Sebaſtian*! My *Almeyda*!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian* ſtill alive!
The Moors and Chriſtians joyn'd! I thank thee Prophet.

Dorax. The Citadell is ours; and *Muley Zeydan*
Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince.
Lay down your armes: ſuch baſe Plebeian bloud
Would only ſtain the brightneſs of my Sword,
And blunt it for ſome nobler work behind.

Muſt. I ſuppoſe you may put it up without offence to any man here preſent? For my part, I have been Loyall to my Soveraign Lady: though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, would have corrupted me; but if thoſe two ſcape publick Juſtice, then I and all my late honeſt Subjects here, deſerve hanging.

[Benducar *to* Dorax.] I'm ſure I did my part to poyſon thee,
What Saint ſoe're has Sodder'd thee again.
A Doſe leſs hot had burſt through ribs of Iron.

Muſ. Not knowing that, I poyſon'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a draught ſo deadly cold
That, had'ſt not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channell of his bloud, and froze him dry.

Bend Thou interpoſing Fool, to mangle miſchief,
And think to mend the perfect work of Hell.

Dorax. Thus, when Heaven pleaſes, double poyſons cure.
I will not tax thee of Ingratitude

To

To me thy Friend, who haſt betray'd thy Prince:
Death he deſerv'd indeed, but not from thee.
But fate it ſeems reſerv'd the worſt of men
To end the worſt of Tyrants.
Go bear him to his fate.
And ſend him to attend his Maſters Ghoſt.
Let ſome ſecure my other poys'ning Friend,
Whoſe double dilligence preſerv'd my life.

Ant. You are fall'n into good hands, Father in law; your ſparkling Jewells, and Morayma's eyes may prove a better bail than you deſerve.

Muſ. The beſt that can come of me, in this condition; is to have my life begg'd firſt, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards. [*Exit* Antonio *with the* Mufti, *and at the ſame time* Benducar *is carry'd off.*

[Dorax *to* Muſtafa.] You and your hungry herd depart untouch'd;
For Juſtice cannot ſtoop ſo low, to reach
The groveling ſin of Crowds: but curſt be they
Who truſt revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold bus'neſs is but to deſtroy:
And like the fire Commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on ſheds, but rouling in a round,
On Pallaces returns. Away ye skum,
That ſtill riſe upmoſt when the Nation boyls:
Ye mungrill work of Heaven, with humane ſhapes,
Not to be damn'd, or ſav'd, but breath, and periſh,
That have but juſt enough of ſence, to know
The maſters voice, when rated, to depart.

[*Exeunt* Muſtafa *and* Rabble.

[Almeyda *kneeling to him*
With gratitude as low, as knees can pay
To thoſe bleſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angells,
Receive theſe thanks; till Altars can be rais'd.

[Dorax *raiſing her up*
Ariſe fair Excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time diſcover what I have deſerv'd.

Seb. More then reward can anſwer.
If *Portugall* and *Spain* were joyn'd to Affrique,

And

And the main Ocean cruſted into Land,
If Univerſall Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhould the gift be plac'd.

Dorax. And from ſome hands I ſhou'd refuſe that gift:
Be not too prodigall of Promiſes;
But ſtint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am
Is but thy gift, make what thou canſt of me.
Secure of no Repulſe.

Dorax to *Sebaſtian*: Diſmiſs your Train.
[*To* Almeyda. You, Madam, pleaſe one moment to retire.
[Sebaſtian *ſignes to the Portugueſes to go off.* Almeyda *bowing to him, goes off alſo: The* Africans *follow her.*

Dorax To the Captain of his Guard.
With you one word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*

Sebaſtian Solus. Reſerv'd behaviour, open Nobleneſs,
A long miſterious Track of a ſtern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to ſight.

Re-enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turbant and put on a Peruque Hat and Crevat.*

Dorax. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou ſhouldſt be *Alonzo.*

Dorax. So you ſhou'd be *Sebaſtian:*
But when *Sebaſtian* ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*

Seb. As in a Dream.
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine eyes.

Dorax. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me, where my wrongs,
And your Inhumane Tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhould wake;
And Death ſhould give you back to anſwer me.
A Thouſand Nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings
Over theſe eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the dewes they brought.

The

The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly Vengence to redeem my fame;
And that once clear'd, eternall sleep is welcome.
Sebast. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whose Royall Office is redress of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.
Dorax. 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me.
Then, though I loath this Womans War of tongues,
Yet shall my Cause of Vengeance first be clear
And, Honour, be thou Judge.
Sebast. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming Majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is Insolent and haughty to Superiours:
How often hast thou brav'd my peacefull Court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?
Dorax. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in Kings: for punishment
Is Hangmans work, and drudgery for Devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my Prince.)
But just resentment and hard usage coyn'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Sebast. How Tyrant?
Dorax Tyrant.
Sebast. Traytour? that name thou canst not Eccho back
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision
Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor:
And, if a Name
More foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.
Dorax. If I'm a Traytor, think and blush, thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into treason.
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,

And

And hurryed me from hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd Crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning ſure.

Sebaſt. Thy old preſumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my firſt diſlike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dorax. Too well I know thee; but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbonne*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd,
By Sycophants and Fools, the growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhould catch, and firſt applaud,
The Stuff of Royall Nonſence: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely words were carp'd, and cenſur'd,
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Though modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from Pimps and Paraſits.
Enriquez anſwer'd, with a ready lye,
To ſave his King's, the boon was begg'd before.

Sebaſt. What ſayſt thou of *Enriquez*? now by Heaven
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd ſcurril taunts.

Dorax. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him:
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and ſmile;
That Woman, but more dawb'd; or if a man,
Corrupted to a Woman: thy Man Miſtreſs.

Sebaſt. All falſe as Hell or thou.

Dorax. Yes; full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard Campaignes,
And pitch'd thy Standard in theſe Forreign Fields:
By me thy greatneſs grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Sebaſt. I ſee to what thou tend'ſt, but tell me firſt

If thoſe great Acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not ſome, and pride the reſt?
Dorax. Why Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th' advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own:
(For *Violante's* vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I ſpoke:
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Enriquez.*
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth:
Dor. Where juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Paſſenger expect a bounty,
From thoſe rapacious hands who ſtript him firſt?
Seb. He had my promiſe, e're I knew thy love,
Dor. My Services deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt revoke it.
Seb. Thy Inſolence had cancell'd all thy Service:
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
E'ven to my face, as done in my deſpight,
Under the wing of awfull Majeſty
To ſtrike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Even in the face of Heaven, a place more Sacred,
Would I have ſtruck the man, who propt by power,
Would Seize my right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy Injuſtice,
The haſty product of a juſt deſpair,
When he reſus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou ſhoud'ſt make a Cowards Cauſe thy own!
Seb. He durſt; nay more deſir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it publique; but my duty, then,
To interpoſe; on pain of my diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your Swords,
Dor. On pain of Infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd.
Seb. Th' Indignity thou didſt, was ment to me;
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me, with ſcorn,

As who ſhould ſay the blow was there intended;
But that thou didſt not dare to lift thy hands
Againſt Annointed power: ſo was I forc'd
To do a Soveraign juſtice to my ſelf;
And ſpurn thee from my preſence.

Dor. Thou haſt dar'd
To tell me, what I durſt not tell my ſelf:
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my face.
All my long Avarice of honour loſt,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has honours Fountain then ſuck'd back the ſtream?
He has; and hooting Boys, may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather pebbles from the naked Foord.
Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back:—
Give me revenge; while I have breath to ask it.——

Seb. Now, by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt ask it:
Nor ſhall the Sacred Character of King
Be urg'd, to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equall:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with Ingratitude:
Haſt thou not charg'd me; ſpeak?

Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that Imputation, draw,
And prove my Charge a lye.

Seb. No; to diſprove that lye, I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it elſe,
Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That *Iſthmus* ſtands betwixt two ruſhing Seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar;
And ſtrive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'le cut that *Iſthmus*.
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.

I ſav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loath to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. O patience Heaven!
Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a Suſpicious word: it had been proper
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet, to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy Oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair Combat:
Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
[Sebaſ. Now I can thank thee as thou wouldſt be thank'd:
drawing:] Never was vow of honour better pay'd,
If my true Sword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the lifts of Love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go: bear my Meſſage to *Henriquez* Ghoſt;
And ſay his Maſter and his Friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His Ghoſt! then is my hated Rivall dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in eithers Life,
When their's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us, who is to fall. (him.
Sebaſt. He's dead: make haſt, and thou mayſt yet o're take
Dor. When I was haſty, thou delay'ſt me longer.
I prethee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe; for thy life preſerv'd:
Be kind: and tell me how that Rivall dy'd,
Whoſe Death next thine I wiſh'd.
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee thou ſhould'ſt never know:
But thou, like Jealouſy, enquir'ſt a truth,
Which, found, will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
Fought next my perſon; as in Conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his Shield in my defence;
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once:

But rowl'd his falling body croſs their way;
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!
Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thy ſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my Love.
I knew you both; (and durſt I ſay) as Heaven
Foreknew among the ſhining Angell hoſt
Who would ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.
Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears:
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worſe than Hell! what Glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquir'd, by ſuch a death!
I ſhould have fallen by *Sebaſtians* ſide;
My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life:
It ſuited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a peice,
Spent in your ſervice, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: Confeſs, proud Spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whether would you drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more deſert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloudy field,
Hunted your Sacred life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious errour of my fate,
Not of my Soul; my Soul's a Regicide.
Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
[*more calmly.*] Thou meant'ſt to kill a Tyrant, not a King:

Speak

Speak didſt thou not, *Alonzo*?
Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
No, *Dorax* cannot anſwer to *Alonzo*:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Armes,
In that bleſt Age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;
And loſt like *Lucifer*, my name above.
Seb. Yet, twice this day I ow'd my life to *Dorax*.
Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou can'ſt be griev'd, thou can'ſt repent:
Thou coud'ſt not be a Villain, though thou woud'ſt:
Thou own'ſt too much, in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.
Dor. O ſtop this headlong Torrent of your goodneſs:
It comes too faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in tears, before; ſpare my confuſion:
For pitty ſpare, and ſay not, firſt, you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
[*Falls at his feet*] To throw my ſelf beneath your Royall feet.
Now ſpurn this Rebell, this proud Renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou ſhoud'ſt not ask forgiveneſs firſt,
[*taking him up.*] But thou preventſt me ſtill, in all that's noble.
Yet I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my Ward,
Her Soul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing Courtſhip,
Effect the Conſummation of his Love:
So, ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A Widdow and a Maid.
Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n while Heav'n bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my King, and to my Love!
But pitty is my Friend, and ſtops me ſhort,

For

For my unhappy Rivall: poor *Henriquez*!
Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to Pitty him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Embracing him. Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
And all our quarrells be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what *Enriquez* was; be my *Alonzo*.
Dor. What, my *Alonzo* ſayd you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot ſpeak:
And if I cou'd,
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canſt not ſpeak, and I can ne're be ſilent.
Some Strange reverſe of Fate muſt, ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heaven, to bleſs me thus. 'Tis Gold ſo pure
It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away:
With eaſe the gifts of Fortune I reſign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

Exeunt

ACT V. *The Scene is a Room of State.*

Enter Dorax *and* Antonio.

Dor. JOy is on every face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradice,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new being:
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my ſelf, and Friends:
And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.
Antonio, Pleaſure has been the buſ'neſs of my life;
And every change of Fortune eaſy to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf.
The loſs of her I lov'd would touch me neareſt;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much;

And

And that's uneasy Pleasure.
Dor. If she be fated
To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predestinated ills are never lost.
Anton. I had forgot
T'Enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
You could unwind your self from all these dangers;
And move so speedily to our relief!
Dor. The double poisons, after a short Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civill War,
By natures benefit: and rows'd my thoughts
To Guard that life which now I found Attack'd.
I summon'd all my Officers in hast,
On whose experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came; resolv'd to dye in my defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our diligence prevented the surprize
We justly fear'd: so, *Muley Zeydan* found us
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the charge.
Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Christian* slaves were joyn'd,
You have not yet unfolded.
Dor. That remains.
We knew their Int'rest was the same with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebastian*;
I could not see him dye by Vulgar hands:
But prompted by my Angell, or by his,
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self,
Because I would not have his Person known,
I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.
Ant. Your Conquest came of course; their men were raw,
And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?
Dor. I would not hazard civill broils, betwixt
His Friends and mine: which might prevent our Combat:
Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his Troops;
Or, if Victorious, order'd his escape.

But

For my unhappy Rivall: poor *Henriquez*!
Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to Pitty him?
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Embracing him. Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrells be but ſuch as theſe,
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Dor. What, my *Alonzo* ſayd you? my *Alonzo*!
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Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf.
The loſs of her I lov'd would touch me neareſt;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much;

And

And that's uneaſy Pleaſure.

Dor. If ſhe be fated
To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predeſtinated ills are never loſt.

Anton. I had forgot
T'Enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poiſon'd and betray'd, and round beſet,
You could unwind your ſelf from all theſe dangers;
And move ſo ſpeedily to our relief!

Dor. The double poiſons, after a ſhort Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civill War,
By natures benefit: and rows'd my thoughts
To Guard that life which now I found Attack'd.
I ſummon'd all my Officers in haſt,
On whoſe experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came; reſolv'd to dye in my defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our diligence prevented the ſurprize
We juſtly fear'd: ſo, *Muley Zeydan* found us
Drawn-up in Battle, to receive the charge.

Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Chriſtian* ſlaves were joyn'd,
You have not yet unfolded.

Dor. That remains.
We knew their Int'reſt was the ſame with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebaſtian*;
I could not ſee him dye by Vulgar hands:
But prompted by my Angell, or by his,
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my ſelf,
Becauſe I would not have his Perſon known,
I need not tell the reſt, th' event declares it.

Ant. Your Conqueſt came of courſe; their men were raw,
And yours were diſciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you induſtriouſly conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civill broils, betwixt
His Friends and mine: which might prevent our Combat:
Yet, had he fall'n, I had diſmiſs'd his Troops;
Or, if Victorious, order'd his eſcape.

But

But I forgot a new increaſe of Joy,
To feaſt him with ſurprize; I muſt about it:
Expect my ſwift return. [*Exit* Dorax.

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Serv. Here's a Lady at the door, that bids me tell you, ſhe is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is ſhe? Does ſhe not want two of the four Elements? has ſhe any thing about her but ayr and fire?

Servant. Truly, ſhe flys about the room, as if ſhe had wings inſtead of legs; I believe ſhe's juſt turning into a bird: a houſe-bird I warrant her: and ſo haſty to fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, ſhe wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

[Antonio *rnnning to her and Embracing her.*
Look if ſhe be not here already: what, no denial it ſeems will ſerve your turn? why! thou little dun, is thy debt ſo preſſing?

Mor. Little Devill if you pleaſe: your leaſe is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch you Soul and Body; not an hour of lewdneſs longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the Devill haſt thou been? and how the Devill didſt thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Caſtle yard: but there was nothing but Tumult, and Confuſion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by ſome of the Rabble: conſidering I had a double charge about me,——my Jewells & my Mayden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worſhips ſole uſe and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthfull a piece: 'twas too much odds in Conſcience.

Mor. So ſeeking for ſhelter, I naturally ran to the old place of

of Assignation, the Garden-house: where for want of instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his effects for us.

Mor. Yes truly I had the prudent foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithall to make merry with the World; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going iuto the Country of Serenades, and Gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every Night, with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be sighing, and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee Cruell, & Goddess, & Moon, and Stars, and all the Poeticall names of wicked rhyme: while thou and I, are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leisure-minuts, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much before hand: but, they say, your Churches are fine places for Love-devotion: many a she-Saint is there worship'd.

Ant. Temples are there, as they are in all other Countries, good conveniences for dumb enterviews: I hear the Protestants an't much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the naturall name of Meeting-houses. therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future Spowse; and allways in a veile; for those eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is that we women are allow'd the priviledge of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine, upon some Lover, when ever you begin to go astray, and, if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge and turn Gardener again: for I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that some young *Antonio* does not spring-up in your own Family; as false as his Father, though of another mans planting.

Re-enter

Reenter Dorax *with* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda. Sebaſtian *enters ſpeaking to* Dorax, *while in the mean time* Antonio *preſents* Morayma *to* Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royall Pris'ner, *Muley Zeydan*?
Dor. Diſpos'd to grant whatever I deſire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: well I know him,
Of eaſy temper, naturally good,
And faithfull to his word.
Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the meaſure of my happineſs
I'm ſtill in pain for poor *Alvarez*'s liſe.
Dor. Releaſe that fear; the good old man is ſafe:
I pay'd his ranſome:
And have already order'd his Attendance.
Seb. O bid him enter for I long to ſee him.

Enter Alvarez *with a Servant, who departs when* Alvarez *is enter'd.*

[*Alvarez falling down and embracing the Kings knees.*]
Now by my Soul, and by theſe hoary hairs,
I'm ſo ore-whelm'd with pleaſure, that I feel
A latter ſpring within my with'ring limbs,
That Shoots me out again.
Sebaſtian, raiſing him]
Thou good old Man!
Thou haſt deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who ſtood brim-full before.
Alv. O my dear Child!
I love thee ſo, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I ſo oft have dandled in theſe arms!
What, when I gave thee loſt to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father, who himſelf had ſcap'd
A falling houſe, and after anxious ſearch,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs through rubbiſh, till he drags him out

To

To see the friendly light.
Such is my haste so trembling is my joy
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.
Seb. The Tempest is ore-blown; the Skys are clear,
And the Sea, charm'd into a Calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.
Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm:
And therefore am I come, with timely speed,
To warn you into Port.
Almeyda. My Soul fore-bodes [*aside.*
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words;
And just disclosing, in a birth of fate.
Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire,
Who still Survives, of *Muley-Moluchs* branch?
Dor. Yes such an one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.
Alv. The Power's above
Be prais'd for that: My prayers for my good Master
I hope are heard.
Seb. Thou hast a right in Heav'n,
But why these prayers for me?
Alv. A door is open yet for your deliv'rance,
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captives life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable Hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can Contribute
To make me blest, I know not.
Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the Throne;
And you review your Native Clime with fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternall Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,)
Are all included in that Princes life:
Let this fair Queen be giv'n to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her love the Sanction of your League.
Seb. No more of that: his life's in my dispose;
And Pris'ners are not to insist on terms.

Or if they were, yet he demands not theſe.
Alv. You ſhou'd exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
Theſe cannot: I abhor the Tyrants race;
My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Uſurpers.
But, at one blow to cut off all diſpute,
Know this, thou buſy, old, officious Man,
I am a Chriſtian; now be wiſe no more;
Or if thou woud'ſt be ſtill thought wiſe, be ſilent.
Alv. O! I perceive you think your Int'reſt touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battail I obſerv'd:
But I muſt ſpeak, and will.
Seb. I prethee peace;
Perhaps ſhe thinks they are too near of bloud.
Alv. I wiſh ſhe may not wed to bloud more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now Hea'vn forbid!
Seb. Wiſh rather Hea'vn may grant.
For, if I cou'd deſerve, I have deſerv'd her:
My toyls, my hazards, and my Subjects lives,
(Provided ſhe conſent) may claim her love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to theſe,
If better, I cou'd chuſe a beauteous Bride.
Ant. The faireſt of her Sex.
Mor. The pride of Nature.
Dor. He only merits her; ſhe only him.
So payr'd, ſo ſuited in their minds and Perſons,
That they were fram'd the Tallyes for each other.
If any Alien love had interpos'd
It muſt have been an eyeſore to beholders,
And to themſelves a Curſe.
Alv. And to themſelves.
The greateſt Curſe that can be, were to joyn.
Seb. Did I not love thee, paſt a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruine; but no more,
I charge thee on thy life, perverſe old man.
Alv. Know, Sir, I wou'd be ſilent if I durſt:
But, if on Shipbord, I ſhou'd ſee my Friend,

Grown frantique in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry fields,
Wou'd headlong plunge himſelf into the deep,
Shou'd I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his ſick fancy were by reaſon cur'd?
Seb. I pardon thee th'effects of doting Age;
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The ſecond Non-age of a Soul, more wiſe;
But now decay'd, and ſunk into the Socket,
Peeping by fits and giving feeble light.
Alv. Have you forgot?
Seb. Thou mean'ſt my Fathers Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* bed:
Thou ſeeſt my faculties are ſtill entire,
Though thine are much impair'd, I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to ſee her happy change,
He wou'd have cancell'd that harſh Interdict,
And joyn'd our hands himſelf.
Alv. Still had he liv'd and ſeen this change,
He ſtill had been the Same.
Seb. I have a dark remembrance of my Father;
His reas'nings and his Actions both were juſt;
And, granting that, he muſt have chang'd his meaſures.
Alv. Yes, he was juſt, and therefore cou'd not change.
Seb. 'Tis a baſe wrong thou offer'ſt to the Dead.
Alv. Now Hea'vn forbid,
That I ſhou'd blaſt his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For, dying he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Believe I am; and ſeek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his will.
For to preſerve his Fame I wou'd be ſilent.
Seb. Craz'd fool, who woud'ſt be thought an Oracle.
Come down from off thy Tripos, and ſpeak plain;
My Father ſhall be juſtify'd, he ſhall:
'Tis a Son's part to riſe in his defence;
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd;

Put, to be clear'd at my dead Masters cost,
O there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Hea'vn and Earth combin'd, can hinder it.

Alv. Then, witness Hea'vn and Earth, how loath I am
To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead Fathers fame,
But more a Ladies honour must be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire; that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whispers I wou'd tell your ear.

[*All are going out.*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.
And, were my voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Hea'vn, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations shou'd be Summon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that Fellows charge:
So shou'd my honour like a rising Swan,
Brush with her wings, the falling drops away,
And proudly plough the waves.

Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare trust my Fathers memory,
To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.

Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his youth,
When new ly marry'd, travel'd into *Spain*,
And made a long abode in *Phillips* Court?

Seb. Why so remote a question? which thy self
Can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast:
And neares to his Soul.

Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me Gracious Heaven
That ever I shou'd boast I was so near.
The Confident of all his young Amours!
[*To* Almeyda] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,
Have you not often heard, your Exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time?

Alm.

Alm. 'Tis true: and often since, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her cause;
She Counsell'd, nay, Enjoyn'd me on her blessing
To seek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebastians* aid.

Sebast. Thou help'st me well, to justify my War:
to Alme.] My dying Father swore me, then a Boy;
And made me kiss the Cross upon his Sword,
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms restor'd.

Alv. And can you finde
No mistery, couch'd in this excess of kindness?
Were Kings e're known, in this degenerate Age,
So passionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Interest shar'd not more than half with honour?

Seb. Base groveling Soul, who know'st not honours worth;
But weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales;
The Secret pleasure of a generous Act,
Is the great minds great bribe.

Alv. Show me that King, and I'le believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own breast, and ask your Soul
If those fair fatall eyes, edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Fashers charge, and all your vows?
If so; and so your silence grants it is,
Know King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.
Almeyda's Mother too had eyes, like her,
And not less charming, and were charm'd no less
Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st Impostor, Perjur'd Fiend thou ly'st.

Seb. Wa'st not enough to brand my Father's fame,
But thou must load a Ladies memory?
O Infamous base, beyond repair.
And, to what end this ill concerted lye,
Which, palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It barrs not my Inviolable vows.

Alv. Take heed and double not your Fathers crimes;

To

To his Adult'ry, do not add your Inceſt.
Know, ſhe is the product of unlawfull Love:
And 'tis your Carnall Siſter you wou'd wed.
Seb. Thou ſhallt not ſay thou wert Condemn'd unheard.
Elſe, by my Soul, this moment were thy laſt.
Alm. But think not Oaths ſhall juſtify thy charge;
Nor Imprecations on thy curſed head,
For who dares lye to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jeſt.
Thou haſt confeſs'd thy ſelf the Conſcious Pandar
Of that pretended paſſion:
A Single Witneſs, infamouſly known,
Againſt two Perſons of unqueſtion'd fame;
Alv. What Int'reſt can I have, or what delight
To blaze their ſhame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd Condemn?
Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this ſecret,
But too much care, to ſave you from a Crime,
Which would have ſunk you both. For let me ſay,
Almeyda's beauty well deſerves your love:
Alm. Out, baſe Impoſtor, I abhor thy praiſe.
Dorax. It looks not like Impoſture: but a truth,
On utmoſt need reveal'd.
Sebaſt. Did I expect from *Dorax*, this return?
Is this the love renew'd?
Dorax. Sir, I am ſilent;
Pray Heav'n my fears prove falſe.
Sebaſt. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.
Alv. But hear the ſtory of that fatall Love;
Where every Circumſtance ſhall prove another;
And truth ſo ſhine, by her own native light,
That if a Lye were mixt, it muſt be ſeen.
Sebaſt. No; all may ſtill be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou can'ſt ſay:
Alv. One proof remains; and that's your Fathers hand:
Firm'd with his Signet; both ſo fully known,
That plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unleſs his Soul wou'd want her Hea'vn a while,
And come on Earth to ſwear.

Seb.

Seb. Produce that Writing.

[*Alonz.* *Alonzo* has it in his Cuſtody.
to *Dorax*] The ſame, which when his nobleneſs redeem'd me,
And in a friendly viſit own'd himſelf,
For what he is, I then depoſited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dorax *giving a ſeal'd Paper to the King.*

Untouch'd, and Seal'd as when intruſted with me,
Such I reſtore it, with a trembling hand,
Leſt ought within diſturb your peace of Soul.

Sebaſt. *tearing open the Seals.*

Draw near *Almeyda:* thou art moſt concern'd.
For I am moſt in Thee.
Alonzo, mark the Characters:
Thou know'ſt my Fathers hand obſerve it well:
And if th' Impoſtors Pen, have made one ſlip,
That ſhows it Counterfeit, mark that and ſave me.
Dorax. It looks, indeed, too like my Maſters hand:
So does the Signet; more I cannot ſay;
But wiſh 'twere not ſo like.
Sebaſt. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* birth;
But ſuch a miſt of grief comes o're my eyes,
I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.
Alm. Hea'vn cannot be more true, than this is falſe.
Sebaſt. O Coud'ſt thou prove it, with the ſame aſſurance!
Speak, haſt thou ever ſeen my Fathers hand?
Alm. No; but my Mothers honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her Acts;
In Characters more plain, and legible
Then this dumb Evidence, this blotted lye.
Oh that I were a man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee, Traytor, an Aſſaſſinate

Of her fair ſame: thus wou'd I tear thee, thus—: [(*Tearing*
And ſcatter, o're the field, thy Coward limbs, *the Paper*)
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.
(*Scatt'ring the Paper*)

Alv. Juſt ſo, ſhalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know proud Woman, know in thy deſpight,
The moſt Authentique proof is ſtill behind.
Thou wear'ſt it on thy finger: 'tis that Ring,
Which mateh'd with that on his, ſhall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb forgery: for that ſhall ſpeak;
And ſound a rattling peal to eithers Conſcience:

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And ſhaking hand, juſt in the pangs of Death,
Put on my finger; with a parting ſigh,
And wou'd have ſpoke; but falter'd in his ſpeech,
With undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds.

Alv. I know it well:
For I was preſent: Now, *Almeyda*, ſpeak:
And, truly tell us, how you come by yours?

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her ſight,
To go to *Portugall* bequeath'd it to me,
Preſaging ſhe ſhou'd never ſee me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, ſhed ſome tears,
Kiſs'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of Love;
And hid a Miſtery of great Importance
Relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I diſcloſe that fatall Miſtery.
Yhoſe rings, when you were born, and thought anothers,
Your Parents, glowing yet in ſinfull love,
Bid me beſpeak: a Curious Artiſt wrought 'em:
With joynts ſo cloſe, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each others Counterpart.
Her part had *Juan* inſcrib'd, and his had *Zayda*.
)You know thoſe names are theirs:) and in the midſt,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of thoſe Rings, inclos'd,

Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
But if they joyn, you muſt for ever part,

[Seb. *pulling off his Ring.* Alm. *does the ſame, and gives it to* Alv. *who unſcrues both the Rings & fits one half to the other.*]

Seb. Now life, or death.
Alm. And either thine, or ours.
Alm. I'm loſt for ever.——(*ſwoons*)
(*The Women and* Morayma, *take her up and carry her off.*)

[Seb. *here ſtands amaz'd without motion, his eyes fixt upward.*]

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; For I am paſt
All Pow'r of Aid, to her or to my ſelf.
Alv. His Wife, ſaid he, his Wife! O fatall ſound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.
So they had ſtill been bleſt in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.
Dor. I knew it, but too late: and durſt not ſpeak.

[Seb. *ſtarting out of his amazement.*

I will not live: no not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to Inceſt.
I'le cut it off, and end a wretched being.

For, ſhould I live, my Soul's ſo little mine,
And ſo much hers, that I ſhould ſtill enjoy.
Ye Cruell Powers
Take me as you have made me, miſerable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

Antonio *and* Alv. *lay hold on him, and* Dorax *wreſts the Sword out of his hand.*

An. For Heav'ns ſake hold, and recollect your mind.
Alvarez. Conſider whom you puniſh, and for what;
Your ſelf? unjuſtly: You have charg'd the fault,

On Heav'n that best may hear it.
Though Incest is indeed a deadly Crime,
You are not guilty, since, unknown 'twas done,
And, known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heaven y're Traytours, all, that hold my hands,
If death be but cessation of our thought,
Then let me dye for I would think no more.
I'le boast my Innocence above;
And let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not sully:
I shall be there before my Fathers Ghost;
That yet must languish long, in frosts and fires,
For making me unhappy by his Crime:
[*struggling again.*] Stand off and let me take my fill of death;
For I can hold my breath in your despight,
And swell my heaving Soul out, when I please.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What art thou given comfort!
Wou'dst thou give comfort, who hast giv'n despair?
Thou seest *Alonzo* silent; he's a man.
He knows, that men abandon'd of their hopes
Shou'd ask no leave, nor stay for sueing out
A tedious Writ of ease, from lingring Heaven,
But help themselves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the fates their duty.

[Dorax *to* Alv. *and* Anto.] Let him go:
He is our King; and he shall be obey'd:

Alv. What to destroy himself, O Parricide!

Dor. Be not Injurious in your foolish zeal,
But leave him free; or by my sword I swear,
To hew that Arm away, that stops the passage
To his Eternal rest.

[Anto. *letting go his hold.*] Let him be Guilty of his own death if he pleases: for I'le not be guilty of mine; by holding him.

The King shakes off Alvarez

Alvarez, to Dorax. Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subjects part?

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis a Friends Office,
He has convinc'd me that he ought to dye.
And, rather than he should not, here's my sword
To help him on his Journey.
Seb. My last, my only Friend, how kind art thou
And how Inhuman these!
Dor. To make the trifle death, a thing of moment!
Seb. And not to weigh th' Important cause I had,
To rid my self of life?
Dor. True; for a Crime.
So horrid in the face of Men and Angells,
As wilfull Incest is!
Seb. Not wilfull neither.
Dor. Yes, if you liv'd and with repeated Acts,
Refresh'd your Sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
To swell your scores of Guilt.
Seb. True; if I liv'd.
Dor. I said so, if you liv'd.
Seb. For hitherto 'was fatall ignorance:
And no intended crime.
Dor, That you best know.
But the Malicious World will judge the worst.
Alv. O what a Sophister has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!
Dor. Peace, old Dotard.
Mankind that always judge of Kings with malice,
Will think he knew this Incest, and pursu'd it.
His only way to rectify mistakes,
And to redeem her honour, is to dye.
Seb. Thou hast it right, my dear, my best *Alonzo*!
And that, but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than death? (Death.
Dor. Death? Why that's Childrens sport: a Stage-Play,
We Act it every Night we go to bed.

Death

Death to a Man in misery is sleep.
Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'ns Eternal pavement with their trembling,
To view that act, wou'd you but barely dye?
But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
And dream you had your Sister in your arms.
Seb. To expiate this, can I do more then dye?
Dor. O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd:
You must be damn'd to all Eternity.
And, sure, self-Murder is the readiest way.
Seb. How, damn'd?
Dor. Why is that News?
Alvar. O, horrour! horrour!
Dor. What, thou a Statesman,
And make a bus'ness of Damnation?
In such a World as this, why 'tis a trade.
The Scriv'ner, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live, but by damnation.
The Polititian does it by advance:
And gives all gone before-hand.
Seb. O thou hast giv'n me such a glimse of Hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the brink,
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That looking in th' *Abyss*; I dare not leap.
And now I see what good thou meanst my Soul,
And thank thy pious fraud: Thou hast indeed,
Appear'd a Devill, but didst an Angells work.
Dor. 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you leisure.
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you safe.
Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonzo*: I will live:
But never more to *Portugall* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to show
Triumphant Inceft, and pollute the Throne.
Alv. Since Ignorance——
Seb. O, palliate not my wound:

When

When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Inceſt:
No, 'tis reſolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda*'s ſight,
Nor can I ſee *Almeyda* but I ſin.
Hea'vn has inſpir'd me with a Sacred thought,
To live alone to Hea'vn: and dye to her.
Dorax. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?
Seb. What elſe?
The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will ſerve me now;
To hide me from the reſt of humane kinde.
Affrique has deſarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monſters, and I am, ſure, the greateſt.
Alv. You may repent, and wiſh your Crown too late.
Seb. O never, never: I am paſt a Boy,
A Scepter's but a play thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the reſt with eaſe.
Dorax. O Truly great!
A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Hea'vn.
Old as he is your Uncle Cardinall,
Is not ſo far enamour'd of a Cloyſter,
But he will thank you, for the Crown you leave him.
Seb, To pleaſe him more, let him believe me dead:
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy King,
But ſtill thy Friend, and by that holy Name,
Adjure thee, to perform my laſt requeſt.
Make our Conditions with your Captive King,
Secure me but my Solitary Cell;
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown reſtor'd.
Dor. I will do more:
But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his ſoft mettall
Melts down with eaſy warmth; runs in the mould,
And needs no farther forge.

Exit Dorax.

Re-enter

Re-enter Almeyda, *led by* Morayma, *and follow'd by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where she comes again.
By Hea'vn when I behold those beauteous eyes,
Repentance laggs and Sin comes hurrying on.
Alm. This is too cruell!
Seb. Speak'st thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we must part *Almeyda.*
Alm. I speak of all.
For all things that belong to us are cruell.
But what's most cruell, we must love no more.
O 'tis too much that I must never see you,
But not to love you is impossible:
No, I must love you: Hea'vn may bare me that,
And charge that Sinfull Sympathy of Souls,
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well. (thine.
Seb. Good Hea'vn, thou speakst my thoughts, and I speak
Nay then there's Incest in our very Souls.
For we were form'd too like.
Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too)
Tho' you propos'd it first,) however distant,
We shall be ever thinking of each other.
And, the same moment, for each other pray.
Seb. But if a wish should come athwart our prayers!
Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it: if we cou'd.
Seb. We cannot look upon each others face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt.
And yet methinks I cannot chuse but love;
Alm, I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for shame,
If still you lov'd? you gave it Air before me.
Ah why were we not born both of a Sex,
For then we might have lov'd, without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother? though that wish
Involv'd our Parents guilt, we had not parted;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt.
Seb. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt Names, into a common Curſe.
Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!
Seb. To have but one poor night of all our lives;
It was indeed a glorious; guilty night:
So happy, that, forgive me Hea'vn, I wiſh
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know ſo ſoon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in ſuch a bliſſe?
Alm. Men have a larger priviledge of words,
Elſe I ſhou'd ſpeak: but we muſt part, *Sebaſtian*,
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
I muſt not call thee by the name I wou'd;
But when I ſay *Sebaſtian*, dear *Sebaſtian*,
I kiſs the name I ſpeak.
Seb. We muſt make haſt, or we ſhall never part.
I wou'd ſay ſomething that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than ſay: one moment longer,
And I ſhou'd break through Laws Divine, and Humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpred for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young world, was ignorant
Of theſe reſtrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we muſt part:
For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy ſight,
And, once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much ſooner then before.

Reenter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the ſad denouncer of my fate,
To toul the mournfull knell of Seperation:

While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the ſound,
That warns me hence for ever.
[Sebaſtian *to* Now be brief,
Dorax. And I will try to liſten.
And ſhare the minute that remains, betwixt
The care I owe my Subjects and my Love.
Dorax. Your fate has gratify'd you all ſhe can;
Gives eaſy miſery, and makes Exile pleaſing.
I truſted *Muley Zeydan*, as a friend,
But ſwore him firſt to Secreſy: he wept
Your fortune, and with tears, not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from nature, like a kindly ſhower:
In ſhort, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A ſafe retreat, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with noiſe, and undiſturb'd with fears:
I choſe you one.——
Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I ſhou'd be tempted to purſue his ſteps,
And then we both were loſt.
Seb. E'vn paſt redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that deſign,
(As I muſt know, becauſe our Souls are one,)
I ſhou'd not wander but by ſure Inſtinct,
Shou'd meet thee juſt half-way, in pilgrimage
And cloſe for ever: for I know my love
More ſtrong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that: for I muſt boaſt my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou ſhoud'ſt better love.
Dorax. I may inform you both: for you muſt go,
Where Seas, and winds, and Deſarts will divide you.
Under the ledge of *Abla*, lyes a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by Natures hands:
The Venerable Seat of holy Hermites.
Who there, ſecure in ſeparated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams and ſavage fruits,

Have wholeſome bev'rage, and unbloudy feaſts.
Seb. 'Tis pennance too Voluptuous, for my Crime.
Dor. Your Subjects, conſcious of your life are few:
But all deſirous to partake your Exile:
And to do office to your Sacred Perſon.
The reſt who think you dead, ſhall be diſmiſs'd,
Under ſafe Convoy till they reach your Fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be diſpos'd?
A vain Enquiry, ſince I leave my Lord:
For all the world beſide is Baniſhment!
Dor. I have a Siſter, Abbeſſe in *Tercera's*,
Who loſt her Lover on her Bridall day.——
Alm. There, fate provided me a fellow-Turtle;
To mingle ſighs with ſighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Laſt, for my ſelf, if I have well fullfill'd
My ſad Commiſſion, let me beg the boon,
To ſhare the ſorrows of your laſt receſs:
And mourn the Common loſſes of our loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? muſt I be leſt,
(As Age and time had worn me out of uſe?)
Theſe Sinews are not yet ſo much unſtrung,
To fail me when my Maſter ſhou'd be ſerv'd:
And when they are, then will I ſteal to death:
Silent, and unobſerv'd, to ſave his tears.
Seb. I've heard you both: *Alvarez* have thy wiſh.
But thine *Alonzo*, thine, is too unjuſt.
I charge thee with my laſt Commands, return,
And bleſs thy *Violante* with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too, in thine.
Laſt, let me ſwear you all to Secreſy;
And to conceal my ſhame conceal my life.
Dor. Ant, Mor. We ſwear to keep it ſecret.
Alm. Now I wou'd ſpeak the laſt farewell, I cannot.
It wou'd be ſtill farewell, a thouſand times:
And, multiply'd in Eccho's, ſtill farewell.
I will not ſpeak; but think a thouſand thouſand;
And be thou ſilent too, my laſt *Sebaſtian*;

So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great; or I wou'd dye this moment:
But Death I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haſt to meet him.
(*She ſtaggers and her Women hold her up*)

Seb. Help to ſupport this feeble, drooping flower:
This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the ſtorm.
For theſe fond arms muſt, thus be ſtretch'd in vain,
And never, never muſt embrace her more.
Tis paſt:——my Souls goes in that word;——farewell.

Alvarez *goes with* Sebaſtian *to one end of the Stage.* *Women with* Almeyda *to the other.*

Dorax, *coming up to* Antonio *and* Morayma, *who ſtand on the Middle of the Stage.*

Dor Haſt to attend *Almeyda*: for your ſake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda's* Fate,
This dreadfull Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are juſtly puniſh'd on their Childrens head.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Sent to the Authour by an unknown hand, and propos'd to be spoken
By Mrs. Monford *dreſt like an Officer.*

BRight Beauties who in awfull Circle ſit,
And you grave Synod of the dreadfull Pit,
And you the Upper-tire of pop-gun wit.

Pray eaſe me of my wonder if you may
I call this Crowd barely to ſee the play,
Or is't the Poets Execution day?

His breath is in your hands I will preſume
But I adviſe you to deferr his doom:
Till you have got a better in his room.

And don't malicioufly combine together,
As if in ſpight and ſpleen you were come hither,
For he has kept the Pen tho' loſt the feather.

And on my Honour Ladies I avow,
This Play was writ in Charity to you,
For ſuch a dearth of Wit whoever knew?

Sure 'tis a Judgment on this Sinfull Nation
For the abuſe of ſo great Diſpenſation:
And therefore I reſolv'd to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-coat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully Criticks I a Troup won'd lead;
But one reply'd, thank you there's no ſuch need,
I at Groom-Porters Sir can ſafer bleed.

Another who the name of danger loaths,
Vow'd he would go, and ſwore me Forty Oaths,
But that his Horſes were in body-cloaths.

A third

A thi d ery'd, Dammy bloud, I do be content
To push my Fortune, if the Parliament
Would but recall Clarec from Banishment.

A Fourth (and I have done) made this excuse
I'de draw my Sword in Ireland *Sir to chuse:*
Had not their Women gouty leggs and wore no shoes?

Well, I may march thought I and fight and trudge,
But of these blades the Devil a man will budge,
They there would fight e'n just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their Honour calls they can't be bought,
Honour in danger, bloud and wounds is sought.

Lost Virtue whether fled, or where's thy dwelling,
Who can reveal, at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art Embarkt for Iniskelling.

On Carrion tits those Sparks denounce their rage
In boot of wisp and Leinster freese ingage,
What would you do in such an Equipage?

The Siege of Derry *does you Gallants threaten,*
Not out of Errant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat or being eaten.

Were Wit like honour to be won by fighting
How few just Judges would there be of writing,
Then you would leave this Villanous back-biting.

Your Talents lye how to expres your spight,
But where is he knows how to praise aright,
You praise like Cowards but like Criticks fight.

Ladies be wise, and wean these yearling Calves
Who in your Service too are meer faux-braves,
They Judge and write and fight, and——Love by halves.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

TO

Don Sebastian, King of Portugall.

Spoken betwixt Antonio *and* Morayma.

Mor. *I Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal Fashion*
Shou'd have seduc'd Us two to Separation:
To be drawn in, against our own desire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.

Ant. *I trembled when the Old Mans hand was in,*
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:
Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy sinfull Mother;
To make Us Sister Turk and Christian Brother.

Mor. *Excuse me there; that League shou'd have been rather*
Betwixt your Mother and my Mufti-*Father;*
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant. *Suppose us two* Almeyda *and* Sebastian
With Incest prov'd upon us:——

Mor. *Without question*
Their Conscience was too queazy of digestion.

Ant. *Thou woud'st have kept the Councell of thy Brother*
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. *Beast as you are on Natures Laws to trample;*
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example

And

And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
To save a Maids remorses and Confusions
E'en leave me now before We try Conclusions.

Ant. *To copy their Example first make certain*
Of one good hour like theirs before our parting;
Make a debauch o're Night of Love and Madness;
And marry when we wake in sober sadness.

Mor. *I'le follow no new Sects of your inventing,*
One Night might cost me nine long months repenting:
First wed, and if you find that life a torture,
Dye when you please, the sooner Sir the better:
My wealth you'd get me love e're I cou'd ask it:
Oh there's a strange Temptation in the Casket:
All these Young Sharpers you'd my grace importune,
And make me thundring Votes of love and fortune.